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MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.

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Extracts from the Diary  
of  
LUCY GREGORY



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GIVEN IN HONOR OF HIS PARENTS, THEIR SIMPLICITY  
SINCERITY AND FEARLESSNESS

Aune Greebl  
11 mo 1877



# LEANING ON HER BELOVED.

S. S. viii. 5.

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*Extracts from the Diary of Lucy Gregory.*

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“ Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms,  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;  
I feel the everlasting arms—  
I cannot sink.”

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## "LEANING ON HER BELOVED."

S. S. viii. 5.

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LUCY GREGORY was born 9 mo. 22, 1803, and was the daughter of Robert and Ann Gregory, of Claverham, Somerset. Much is not known of her early life, but her educational advantages were few. Her mother died when she was only three years old. In 1822, she went to reside in John Barclay's family, and took charge of their little boy. While living in Cornwall, she met with an accident which was followed by serious illness, and to which was attributed much of the suffering in the head, accompanied by severe spasm,—often referred to in her diary. She was removed to Evesham in 1823, and there found a home with her elder brother, James Gregory; his sister, Elizabeth, being his housekeeper. At this time a younger sister, Rebecca, was also in a very precarious state of health, so that it seemed uncertain which of the two sisters might be taken first. L. G. gradually improved in health, though she remained subject to frequent attacks of illness. On two other occasions



she was the subject of severe and distressing accidents, through which her life was mercifully preserved,\* and it is instructive and encouraging to mark how graciously she was sustained, and enabled even to rejoice in tribulation. The diary commences in 1829, and is a record containing very little reference to the incidents of her outward life, except as they bore upon that life hid with Christ in God, which, in a striking degree, was developed and perfected in the midst of much physical suffering. The first record refers to the effect upon her mind of an address from a minister of the Society of Friends—of which she was a member—which came to her as a message from God, and produced permanent results. In after years she was very much cut off from the help of such ministrations,—delicate health often preventing her attendance of public worship; and for many years, what she styles the “very exercising trial of deafness,” not only debarred her from the enjoyment of much social intercourse, but entirely precluded her from sharing in the vocal services of public worship—causing all the meetings she attended to be silent ones. But she had been trained to listen for, and to discern the Lord’s voice, as He drew near and spoke by His Spirit in her inmost soul; and truly she was taught of the Lord, and great was her peace in Him. She could not be restrained from availing herself of what she felt to be a blessed privilege, thus to assemble with

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\* See entry under 6 mo. 26, 1845.

her friends for public worship; and, to the close of her life, perseveringly attended Meeting, even when her feebleness of body was such that it seemed hardly prudent for her to venture. She often realized the presence of the Lord, to her comfort and instruction; and at seasons it was even as entering His banqueting house, and knowing that His banner over her was—love! In the privacy of her own room, there was the same reverent waiting upon God, day by day, for the renewing of her strength, and with what results, these records bear witness. They show, unequivocally, the soundness of her faith in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, which she delighted to peruse and ponder upon. She was “a sinner, saved by grace,” and her faith was clear and unwavering in the Lord Jesus Christ, as her only and Almighty Saviour; whose precious blood, shed for her sins, fully absolved her from all their guilt and penalty. The 53rd chapter of Isaiah was especially precious to her, as we find in one of her memoranda, of extracts from which, this little memoir will principally consist.

1829, 7 mo. 19.—Surely a day so memorable as the present, ought not to pass by unnoticed; a day wherein my heart has been, I trust, more impressed with a sense of its utter depravity than I ever remember to have been the case before. We had the company of dear Elizabeth Robson at Meeting. Soon after taking my seat, a solemn feeling was spread over me, and continued for some time, when she rose, with the

words,—“Let there be no halting, as between two opinions, but a full surrender of the whole heart to the Lord;” and added, that her mind had been brought into deep exercise for some individuals present, who, she believed, had often been invited to “Come, taste and see how good the Lord is,” but that they had again and again turned aside. To describe how sensibly her words met the witness in my breast, would be impossible,—as such has indeed been lamentably the case with me; and, but for the mercy of a long-suffering God, I should have been lost for ever. But, blessed be His Name, He is still covering me as with the cloak of His love!

26th.—Thankfully do I acknowledge, that during the time devoted to retirement this morning, I was permitted to enjoy a portion of that peace which the world can neither give, nor take away. My hungry soul seemed, indeed, to be nourished with a little crumb of Heavenly bread; and I was comforted in the hope that a kind Providence would even now be pleased to bless my feeble efforts to dedicate myself more to Him.

28th.—I do desire, feelingly to sympathize with my dearly beloved sister, Rebecca, whose lot it has been to suffer, under the hand of sickness, for many years. Oh that I was more like her! And with such an example always before me, it ought to fill me with shame that I do not profit more by her patient resignation and submission, under every privation; but my natural disposition is such, that it often seems impossible



to check the irritability of temper, which shows itself, to a painful degree, when I meet with anything like provocation. I do trust that strength beyond my own will be granted me, in time to overcome this easily besetting sin.

30th.—“As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!” This language has revived, many times during the day, as I have secretly longed to enjoy more of the Divine presence; and I have been encouraged this evening, by the remembrance of another part of the same Psalm,—“Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God!”

8 mo. 3rd.—Prevented from getting a few quiet moments this evening, from a multiplicity of engagements. How I regret that the things of time should occupy so much of my attention. After reclining my head on my pillow I felt condemnation, as, I believe if an effort had been made, on my part, at an earlier time, I may have enjoyed a time of retirement; but, from my not being exertive enough then, another opportunity was not afforded, as a circumstance occurred which entirely precluded the possibility of accomplishing my wish.—Delays are indeed dangerous!

9 mo. 20th.—How is it, my soul, that thou art thus stifling conviction, in omitting, day after day, to perform what thy peace depends so much upon,—even

the very small sacrifice of devoting a portion of time, daily, to wait upon thy God? Oh! that I could, with more purpose of heart, turn to Him who, in Fatherly compassion, is still waiting to be gracious, even to such a poor, back-sliding creature as I. Be Thou pleased, O Lord, to enable me to act differently, and not allow worldly enjoyments to be an excuse. For what are they in comparison to *Thee*, whom I desire to serve in sincerity?

11 mo. 22nd.—This morning, at Meeting, whilst waiting under the shadow of the everlasting wing of Divine love, and desiring to be fed with the few crumbs that may fall from the Master's table, my mind was sweetly comforted in the belief that my Heavenly Father is still extending His mercy towards me, as a peaceful calm seemed the covering of my spirit; and I returned home, I trust edified and refreshed.—An unmerited favour, indeed, that calls loudly for gratitude and praise. May this memorable day not soon be forgotten, but prove as "bread cast on the waters."

12 mo. 6th.—A very serious attack of illness has been the means, I trust, of more fully convincing me of the necessity there is to keep a daily watch over myself, lest I should be called, at an unexpected moment, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Ah! I feel indeed that there is much, very much to be subdued in me, ere I can get to that state of preparation so as to be ready to meet the awful message. There is so much in my nature that requires, again and again, to pass through the furnace;

and I believe that deep suffering of some sort will be required, to root out the seeds of corruption that are so prone to grow in my heart.

12 mo. 7th.—This evening I have once again enjoyed the privilege of uniting with my beloved sisters in our usual practice of reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and waiting on the Lord in silence. I desire to feel thankful. A peaceful quietude was as a canopy spread over us, and a precious unity of spirit seemed to bind us together, far beyond the power of expression, but sweet to dwell upon. O, how inestimable is that true, solemn silence, wherein the needy soul is permitted to approach the footstool of the Almighty, and in humility plead for further preservation and protection through this thorny wilderness, and to return the tribute of gratitude for past mercies.

1830, 1 mo. 3rd.—As far as my feeble powers will admit, I desire to enter into sympathy with my valued brother, Richard Burlingham, who is now from home, labouring for the promotion of the cause of Truth. And whilst contemplating the many deep baptisms such must have to undergo,—ere they can be qualified to work in the vineyard, and become as passive clay in the hand of the Great Potter—a secret petition is raised in my heart, that this devoted servant may prove, in every time of need, that help is indeed laid upon One that is mighty; and though it may please Him, at seasons to bring down, as to the very bottom of Jordan, He has power, also, to enable these to come up, bringing stones of memorial.



1832, 1 mo. 15th.—I desire to be made more and more sensible that, if I have taken one right step in the Christian path, it is solely through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus,—that nothing belongs to the creature. “Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days what it is, that I may know how frail I am.”

9 mo. 30th.—I have lately suffered so much, from repeated attacks in my head, as to make me feel a disinclination to exert myself as much as I should like to do. I often long it were possible to get into any lonely retreat, to avoid the excitement I am constantly liable to in the family circle.

10 mo. 7th.—So much has transpired to try me in a variety of ways, that, I regret to state, the unsettlement has sadly disturbed my peace of mind. How ardently have I coveted, morning by morning, that I may be strengthened to meet these cross occurrences of life with that patient forbearance which becomes a Christian; then every trial would be blest, and these “light afflictions which are but for a moment, would work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

11 mo. 3rd.—Felt much comfort and encouragement this morning whilst reading the 8th chap. of Romans, to which I opened accidentally.

12 mo. 7th.—After three months absence, I have this day met again with my friends, for the solemn purpose of worshipping that Infinite Being, whose I am, and whom I desire to serve. A feeling of rever-

ential thankfulness seemed to arise for His manifold mercies, and especially for this renewed token of His love; but a fear prevails, lest on again entering the world, I should be forgetful of the past. It is when confined to the secluded chamber of sickness, that the precious influences of religion are most sensibly felt by me; for then my mind has been permitted at seasons to soar above earthly things, and hold sweet communion with its God and Saviour. Never did I experience it more fully than during my late illness. The delightful peace I then enjoyed was beyond expression; and many times did I long to shake off my tabernacle of clay, and gain a resting place *for ever*; but, as such was not the decree of my Almighty Father, I trust that He will continue to watch over and preserve me all the days of my appointed time, whether they be few or many.

1833, 2 mo. 7th.—Sat Meeting under very painful feelings of body and mind, being unable to fix my thoughts, so as in any degree to perform acceptable worship. I do suffer so much from my confused, noisy head, that sometimes it is difficult to feel resigned to my lot; at other times, a ray of hope is cherished that this weakness will be compassionated by my Heavenly Father, who has doubtless dispensed this trial for some wise purpose. Oh, that it may tend to humble, and bring down everything in me that is offensive in the Divine sight.

6 mo. 6th.—What an invaluable blessing is the return of health, after having been deprived of its



invigorating influence. May I duly appreciate this unmerited favour, as coming from my Heavenly Father! My precious sister has also, for the last two months, known considerable mitigation of suffering, so that we have recently had a time of real enjoyment, wherein the *three-fold cord* has been more closely interwoven than ever, in—I trust—the cementing bond of Christian fellowship. Oh, that it may increase more and more, and be comparable to the “dew of Hermon, and the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing,—even life for ever more.”

7 mo. 10th.—Again have I been plunged as into the waters of affliction, wherein it has been my lot to endure much severe bodily pain and languor, so that I was reduced to such an awful state of weakness, that there seemed, as it were, but a step between me and death; but, through all, I felt a confident persuasion that my time was not yet come; and I desire, reverently to acknowledge the merciful support extended to so poor an atom. Yes, many a time have I secretly adored the goodness of the Most High, whilst resting as under the shadow of His everlasting wing; and though at seasons my faith was tried to a hair's breadth, my confidence remained unshaken in the belief that these trials are not permitted in displeasure, but in very tender love. Under this impression, there is something delightful, and strengthening, in being chosen and made the chastened children of Him, who, as a Father, is constantly watching over His numerous

family, and handing to each member a little of that *kind* of bread most suited to their varied necessities. It is therefore a great attainment, to be made willing to be fed with the food most needed, and to receive all,—even the *bitter portions*, without a murmur; and, frequently these are the most salutary, in nourishing the soul up into eternal life, when received with patient submission.

7 mo. 12th.—I cannot help fearing for my precious invalid sister, lest the tender sympathy she has felt for me, should prove too much for her delicate frame; which may truly be compared to an exotic plant—too frail to encounter any chilling blast. Dear creature! She is indeed a true friend in adversity. So many times, when she has laid beside me on my sick-bed, her words of comfort have felt like a cordial to my drooping spirits. Yes, we have often wept together, when worn nature has been almost exhausted with continued suffering. Oh, then, that we may still be made willing to press forward, in the humble hope, that when our weary and painful pilgrimage on earth is ended, we may, through redeeming love and mercy, *everlastingly rejoice* together.

7 mo. 19th.—The latter part of the day I have been able to get to the parlour,—a very delightful change; but my hearing is so much affected by my recent attack, that I understood scarcely any conversation that passed around me, which was very depressing; though I do greatly long for passive submission, and ability to say,—“Let not Thine eye pity, nor Thine

hand spare, until Thou hast made me what Thou wouldest have me to be."

11 mo. 4th.—"Be still and know that I am God." Beautiful text! To be enabled at seasons to banish from the mind all worldly thoughts, and imaginations, and get into a state of holy, reverential stillness; and, whilst under the calming influence thereof, to be permitted to feel a confidence that the Lord is my God, is worth suffering much to obtain; and I can acknowledge that I do at this time renewedly feel the value of *true silence*, and the secret teaching of the Spirit of Truth, which the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; "but," our Saviour said to His disciples, "ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

1834, 3 mo. 15th.—Rather incautious in allowing my natural disposition too much to gain the ascendancy over my better judgment, which has occasioned bitter regret. Oh, that it may deeply impress upon me my utter inability to do anything of myself, and induce me more implicitly to rely on that Saviour, "Who," we are told, "was in like manner tempted as we are, yet without sin;" and Who suffered in order to redeem fallen man from all unrighteousness.

3 mo. 22nd.—The constant noise and confusion in my head continues painfully trying, so that I find it hard work to bear my daily allotment with patience, though it is my earnest wish cheerfully to submit.

4 mo. 3rd.—This morning my darling sister, R., peacefully breathed her last. It is difficult to realize



the fact that I shall never again enjoy her loved society on earth;—a thought which does at this moment fill me with bitter anguish. The consoling belief that her purified spirit has now entered into everlasting happiness, should check every selfish emotion; but nature must, and will, long weep in mournful sorrow for the loss of one so dear.

4 mo. 14th.—A most memorable day! Whilst the rest of our family circle were gone to perform the last sad office of committing to the silent grave all that remains of her who was once so lovely, I was left alone, from choice, being unwilling to keep any one with me. Never shall I forget my feelings when they left the house. It seemed as though my full heart would burst with grief; but, in a few minutes after, all was hushed into a holy quiet, so that peace and tranquillity reigned around me, and for a considerable time I felt so indescribably happy, as to be ready to exclaim,—“Surely the Lord is in this place.”

4 mo. 30th.—During the time of our family reading, a very sweet, tranquil feeling was the covering of my spirit, which led me to hope that the overshadowing wing of Heavenly Goodness was extended to our little company. It felt to me as though Jesus was in the midst, distributing to the varied necessities of the few who were endeavouring to wait at His footstool;—an unmerited favour indeed! Such seasons are not at our command, therefore when permitted, they especially demand our gratitude and praise!

12 mo. 20.—During the whole of last night I was

unable to get one minute's sleep, from distressing pain in my head. But I desire to bless the hand of my God, who is still pleased to be very near me.

12 mo. 27th.—The evening after the above was penned, the pain returned with increased violence, and for a time it seemed as though nature must yield. My situation felt critical, but my mind was kept in great calmness; so that I seemed to have no will of my own as to the termination. Those sweet words, "Leave all to Me!" were almost constantly with me; and, to myself, the anticipation of a speedy transition would have been delightful,—I was so happy; but, for the sake of my ever dear and valued sister, a hope would rise that, if consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father, my life may yet be spared.

1835, 1 mo. 28th.—"Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire in comparison of Thee." Be Thou pleased, my Heavenly Instructor, to enlarge my heart with ability to praise and magnify Thy ever blessed Name, and to offer the tribute of gratitude for the many mercies Thou art daily conferring upon me—a poor, undeserving creature. The sacrifices Thou requirest are a broken spirit; "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, *Thou* wilt not despise." Thou knowest how earnestly I long to have my heart created anew by Thy regenerating power; then grant, I beseech Thee, a measure of Thy gracious assistance as, without Thee, I can do nothing. I thank Thee, in an especial manner, for the portion of Heavenly peace and comfort that reign

triumphant in my heart, from the knowledge of Thy love, as it is in Jesus. This is what supports me through all my sufferings, and inspires me with the belief Thou art so sanctifying them to me, that my many trials are "working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

2 mo. 12th.—After another illness, she writes:—At one time, during my late attack, when in an extremity of pain, and when faith and patience were reduced to so low an ebb that I was almost ready to despair, a remarkable circumstance occurred. Suddenly, I beheld, as plainly as though it had been with my natural eye, the lovely form of my precious departed sister, arrayed in a spotless white robe, and holding a palm in her delicate hand, as emblems of purity and victory. She appeared to be happily gliding through the air; but so transient was the view, that I could not even catch a glimpse of her countenance. Neither did she attempt to notice me; but the impression it left on my mind is beyond expression, and seemed to say,—"Follow her, as she followed her crucified Lord and Saviour." ✓

VISION

4 mo. 16th.—How necessary I find it, morning by morning, and evening by evening, to seek for a fresh supply of faith and patience, to enable me to meet the varied occurrences of life with calmness and propriety. My physical powers often feel so weakened, that at times I am ready to sink as in the "deep waters where there is no standing;" were it not for the radiance of the bright star of Hope, which is some-



times permitted to burst through the gloom, and, like the mariner's compass, points to that haven of rest and peace where, I trust, my shattered bark will one day be safely anchored.

“And oh! when I have safely pass’d  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord—unchanging—watch beside  
My painful bed; for Thou hast died.  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.”

5 mo. 10th.—After having been confined to the house for six months, I have once more enjoyed a walk round our little garden. How mingled were the emotions which strove for utterance in my breast, whilst I sat pensively beside my faithful care-taker!

6 mo. 21st.—Enjoyed the privilege of attending Meeting, after a long absence; when the reflection was consoling, that, though prevented from outwardly meeting with my friends, the silent prayer, and the sigh, breathed in secret at the footstool of mercy, have been offered in sincerity within my sick chamber; where I have experienced many times of refreshment from the presence of the Lord.

7 mo. 26th.—First-day. Such a peaceful tranquillity prevails, comparable to feeding as beside the still waters, that the query has arisen with some weight:—‘If a little foretaste of that rest which is prepared for the people of God is so delightful, what must the reality be?’ Surely the thought of ever attaining such a rich consummation of my hopes, should create in

me a willingness to give up everything that is called for. And what a mercy it is that, the more I suffer, the more I am enabled to cling to Jesus as my only refuge, as I think I have been taught not to depend on instrumental aid. Rather would I simply endeavour to make my peace with God, as in the "silence of all flesh." And, thanks be to His adorable Name, though He has been pleased "to chasten me sore, He has not given me over unto death," but in many a time of extremity I have been constrained to praise Him, as on the banks of deliverance, and to say with the Psalmist,—“The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?”

10 mo. 17th.—Another suffering illness, through which my Saviour has been precious near, refreshing me, as with the day-spring from on high, when seeking shelter under that Rock which is as “a covert from the storm.”

12 mo. 6th.—Attended Meeting, though very feeble in body; but I have no cause to regret having made the effort. Instead of feeling fatigued by the exertion, I was comforted and refreshed.

1836, 3 mo. 26th.—Never do I remember to have passed through such an extremity of suffering, as during my late very severe attack. But I trust it has been a time of profitable instruction, as there are seasons wherein I am led to hope that *self* is a little subdued; though it has been a long, hard struggle. And I still find there is so much of the old leaven



remaining, which nothing short of the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit can enable me to overcome, that I often feel constrained to adopt the words of the Psalmist,—“Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.” And I can acknowledge that He has been pleased to listen to my broken aspirations. Yes! He has not only heard, but answered my simple prayer—preserved me in many temptations, and, in a remarkable manner, supported me through sufferings and trials of no common kind; as a proof of which, I must record another singular visitation:—

In the fore part of my illness, the angelic form of my precious departed one was again clearly presented to my view, with the assurance that, as my bodily pain increased I need not fear, as her sweet spirit would continue to hover around me; that I should be strengthened in every conflicting season of doubt and discouragement; and that the snares of the enemy should be chained for a time, so that he should have no power to disturb my peace of mind. What a marked, though unmerited mercy, thought I, to one who has never done a single thing worthy of Divine notice. From this time, it seemed as though I could entirely leave the future, and throw myself at the feet of my Saviour, in the confident belief that so it would be. Much increase of bodily pain and weakness was my portion; but during the severest struggle, I seemed suddenly transported, as into the Celestial City; which appeared to be so brilliantly illuminated with a soft gold-like splendour, that I was ready to exclaim,

“This must be heaven!” And oh, the ecstatic joy that filled my heart, whilst gazing on the resplendent beauties around me, was beyond any description I can give. All I could do was secretly to adore my God and Saviour;—as the power of articulation had been suspended for many hours, by violent spasm. As the beatific vision opened more clearly, I saw distinctly amongst the blissful multitude, the figure of her whom I longed to recognize. She now appeared as a saint in glory; moving about in happy freedom, and occasionally touching a golden harp with her elegant fingers, the sound of which was so melodious that it filled the air around, exhaled, as it seemed to be, with odoriferous fragrance. The favour of being allowed to exchange an expression was still denied me; though I can truly say, my spirit panted and wrestled to join her; and it felt hard indeed to be told:—the time was not yet come, but that I must return to the world again, and let patience have her perfect work, until my spirit was so purified as to be prepared to be clothed with a *spotless* robe, similar to the one in which she was arrayed, as, without such raiment, there was no admission. With this, I felt resigned to submit; but as the splendour departed, a voice seemed to say, distinctly:—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give *thee also* a crown of life.” Surely, with *such* a gracious promise, delivered in *such* a manner, I ought to be willing to wait in quiet confidence, and leave all future events that may befall me, to the direction of my *Heavenly Guide*—my *Almighty Friend*!

5 mo. 17th.—When the spirits are overwhelmed under a sense of the depravity of human nature, and of the perplexities and dangers to which we are exposed, there seems to me much consolation to be derived from the assurance that, "He who bare our sins in His own body on the tree," was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and yet, that this "spotless Lamb of God," when brought to suffer for the guilty, "was dumb as a sheep before her shearers." Oh, how often do I long to retire from the busy scenes of life, silently to contemplate the wondrous plan of redemption, provided for poor, sinful man, by the sacrifice of "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God;" not by any works of righteousness of our own, but of His own free mercy,—free to every repentant sinner, who applies in simple faith. He will not suffer His followers to be tempted above measure, "but will, with the temptation, also make a way of escape, that they may be able to bear it." What encouragement this, to cast every care at the feet of Jesus, who is "Strength, in weakness; riches, in poverty; and a very present help in every time of need."

10 mo. 4th.—A sleepless night, from the painfully trying noise and confusion in my head, makes me feel worn and exhausted this morning; but,—what a mercy!—my mind is so tranquil and serene, that I seem ready to exclaim,—"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" My

patience was indeed greatly exercised, but I trust that this renewed trial of it, will only tend to promote the further accomplishment of its perfect work in me; and oh!—

“How sweet to rest, in lively hope  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed  
And waft my spirit home.  
Then shall my disembodied soul  
Behold Him, and adore;—  
Be with His likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more!”

11 mo. 19th.—Indisposition obliges me to spend most of the day alone. The weather is particularly gloomy. The clouds look full of rain; and the wind, roaring around my dwelling, forms a striking contrast to the calm tranquility which reigns within. My feelings are so indescribably consoling at the present moment, that I am ready to marvel why it should be thus with me. I so often seem bowed down under a deep sense of my manifold infirmities, and the proneness in my nature to turn aside from the paths of rectitude and self-denial; and that—amid all these weaknesses of the flesh—my Saviour, my *blessed* Saviour should so tenderly watch over so poor, unworthy a creature, proves indeed that His love is infinite, free, and unbounded. Yes, and I have faith to believe that He will still continue to manifest Himself as the “*Sinner’s Friend*,” and that no weapon of the destroyer will ever be suffered to hurt the



precious seed of the Kingdom, which I trust is beginning to take root in my heart. What a privilege to know that "my Redeemer liveth;" and, whilst He condescends to direct my steps, whatever the future events of my life may be, I have no cause for anxious fear.

12 mo. 31st.—1837 is fast verging towards its close; and, in bidding adieu to this eventful year, I can say it has been one of the happiest I have ever passed. The astonishing improvement in my health has allowed me the opportunity of partaking more fully of those social and rational pleasures, which tend to cheer and enliven the path of life, and which, doubtless, I have the more thoroughly enjoyed from having so long known their deprivation. There is so very much in nature calculated to animate and instruct the mind, as well as to gratify the outward eye, that frequently when wandering amidst the beauties of creation, whilst beholding the rich display of His goodness, my thoughts have been directed towards the beneficent Creator of all, who thus so bountifully provides for His creatures.

1838, 2 mo. 2nd.—My thoughts have dwelt much on the privileges and advantages I enjoy from having been brought up within the pale of a Society from which the fashionable amusements of life are excluded. And I have also thought, whilst we conscientiously condemn the lamentable abuse of time, and talents, which the practise of these vain pursuits must occasion that we should be exceedingly cautious how we judge

those whose situation in the world is totally different to our own; many of whom, no doubt, feel almost necessitated to sanction—by their presence—what they would gladly be excused from, if left to the influence of their own unbiassed judgment. Teach me, O my dear Saviour, to turn my eyes not upon others but upon *myself*.

8 mo. 2nd.—Oh! Holy Father, accept I pray Thee, the simple though sincere offering of praise, from a heart overflowing with gratitude for the continued extension of Thy goodness; and grant me, I beseech Thee, a measure of that strength which will enable me more and more to look on myself as nothing, only as Thou art graciously pleased to work Thy will in me, through the quickening influence of Thy blessed spirit. Oh, humble me, I pray Thee, under a sense of my natural proneness to sin; and, if it be Thy will, preserve me from evil, and refresh my soul—as Thou hast been wont to do—with a portion of that sweet peace which it has so often been my privilege to enjoy from Thy hand. The “lines have,” indeed, “fallen to me in pleasant places,” and I do, fervently, desire reverently to thank Thee for the favours bestowed; whilst the remembrance of the past, emboldens me to crave, for the future, a further manifestation of Thy will. And do Thou be pleased to keep me in a state of daily dependence upon Thy life-giving presence, to guide and direct my steps, then—*all will be well*.

11 mo. 18th.—The last week has been a time of especial favour. I made an effort to attend our

General Meeting at Hereford, the retrospect of which affords me much comfort and satisfaction; so that my heart overflows with gratitude to Him—

“Who gives me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to His praise.”

We had but little communication from the Ministers present; and I can thankfully say I panted not for words, being permitted to sit, as “under the shadow of the Almighty,” where my soul partook of a morsel of the “hidden manna” which is handed in secret from “the Master’s table.”

1839, 1 mo. 31st.—“Be merciful unto me, O God! Be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee; yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast.” What an invaluable treasure is the Bible! Under *any* circumstances, we may there find some appropriate text suited to our need. And when the mind is on the stretch, vainly seeking for comfort, as in “a dry and thirsty land, where no water is,” how sweet it is to open the sacred volume, and glance at some precious promise, which assures us “the Lord will not forsake His people;” and that, “when He chastens us, it is for our profit.” O my soul! thou hast indeed had abundant cause to acknowledge Him whose name and nature is Love. Then suffer not a murmuring thought to arise, nor ever think His dispensations hard, if, in inscrutable wisdom, an Almighty Father sees meet to sever some of the tenderest ties, in order to gather the



souls of those who, through Redeeming merey, have been early prepared to enter into their heavenly home; whilst, in long-suffering kindness, those who require more pruning are yet left a little longer, to allow them further opportunity for becoming more fully instructed "in the way of righteousness." \* \* \* There are seasons when I delight to contemplate a state of celestial blessedness, the transcendent glories of which, we are told, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive." Oh, then, that it may be my more constant endeavour so to live by faith in Jesus, that every probationary conflict may be sanctified to me through Him.

"Let me but feel Thy power,  
And find my Jesus near;  
My faith and hope will soar above,  
And banish every fear."

2 mo. 26th.—I know not how to feel sufficiently thankful for the merciful interposition of my blessed Saviour on my behalf. Yes, just when my natural haughtiness was rising into dominion, the calming influence of His good spirit so broke in upon my soul, that the angry passions were soothed by His sweet whisper,—“Peace, be still!” Oh, my soul, thou must not rest satisfied in having been permitted to enjoy so high a privilege; only let it stimulate thee, through all the changes, to pray more earnestly that thou mayest be preserved from sinning against Him whom thou desirest to love, serve, and obey above all.



"Giver of concord,—Prince of Peace,  
 Meek, lamb-like Son of God;  
 Bid my unruly passions cease,  
 And quench them with *Thy blood*."

5. mo. 26th.—The last week has been a time of especial favour. I hope the exercise of patience has had a salutary effect on my mind. Words fail me to express the goodness of my Saviour in the hour of need, as it has indeed been my happy experience to find Him very near. One night in particular, when retiring to rest after a fatiguing day, my feelings were so delightful, that I seemed carried above the trials of time in the contemplation of a blissful eternity; and my soul was permitted to partake so largely of the incomes of Heavenly peace and joy, that I longed to sing aloud of the loving kindness of the Lord. I closed my eyes to sleep, in a delightful frame of spirit, and had a most refreshing night's rest, and in the morning was favoured to awake so invigorated, that I was enabled to enter on the duties of the day, as with a fresh supply of strength from above.

6 mo. 9th.—Several times of late, I have been prevented attending Meeting, in consequence of the illness of my valued sister; this morning, however, I was permitted to enjoy much spiritual refreshment beside her sick-bed. These comforting words,—“In quietness and confidence shall be your strength,” were very sweetly revived in my remembrance, and I was led to believe that Jesus will continue to be my Friend and deliverer. Yes, and I think I do feel a sweet

assurance that, in proportion as this trial is received with resignation, so will it be blest and sanctified to me by the same unerring Hand who has seen meet thus to chasten.

“Oh! to be brought to Jesu’s feet,  
 Though sorrows fix me there,  
 Is still a privilege ; and sweet  
 The energies of prayer  
 Though sighs and tears its language be,—  
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.”

7 mo. 20th.—It is now more than a week since we quitted the spot we have been accustomed to call our *home*, for the last fifteen years, and we are now beginning to feel a little settled in our new abode.\* Our time has been so fully occupied with what have appeared the necessary avocations of life, that little opportunity has been afforded for retirement; but I trust the time has not passed away entirely unimproved, for often when my hands have been busily engaged, my soul has been raised in prayer to Him whose dwelling is far above the heavens. Whilst we are in the world, doubtless it is required that we should take our share in those things on which our temporal happiness so much depends; but oh, what strict watchfulness does it require, lest they interfere with the highest duty of man,—to “be instant in prayer, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;” for if we neglect this, how can we ever hope that a blessing will rest on our endeavours to keep loose from the things of time and sense.

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\* This refers only to a change of residence in the town.

9 mo. 22nd.—Enjoyed a delightful season of retirement before going to Meeting, which, I am led to believe, induced a preparation of heart for spiritual worship, as, soon after taking my seat, I was so filled with the contriting influence of the love of Jesus, that tears of humble gratitude started in my eyes, for the favour of being brought low before Him. Ah! it was as though I could pour out my complaint before the Lord, who, in His everlasting mercy, condescended to answer my secret aspirations for help, by the sweet assurance granted, that His fostering hand would continue to shield me from the snare of the enemy; which seemed as it were *sealed* by the precious promise,—“*I will give thee a crown of life.*” This has indeed been a day of rest to my soul; and if it should prove to be the last I ever spend here, I shall have cause to recur to it with pleasure and satisfaction. My feelings are often so delightful, that I cannot help sometimes thinking my day’s work is perhaps nearly accomplished. But be this as it may, I believe it is very profitable for me, frequently and seriously to keep death in view.

12 mo. 4th.—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Oh! my soul, hearest thou this gracious message? Arise then, and go immediately to thy Saviour, and entreat Him, thoroughly to cleanse thee from all filthiness of the flesh. If thou feelest thy strength is small, and as though thou hast no power, no might to go boldly,—*go feebly*, according to the ability afforded, and He will not despise thy



cry. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Only believe, and thou wilt be made whole by the very same Hand, who, for purposes of His own glory, breaks in pieces, that He may bind up again; thus displaying the wonders of His unchanging love. Oh! faint not when the chastening of the Lord is upon thee, but patiently receive every stroke of His rod, as part of that refining operation which is necessary for thee to undergo,—*whenever*, or to *whatever extent*, He may see meet to prove thy faith—and He will abundantly bless thy feeble aspirations to Him for help, and comfort, when every earthly prop is removed out of thy sight, and thou art driven to the only available source, which—blessed be His Holy Name—is *inexhaustible* and *free*, even to the most unworthy.

12 mo. 15th.—My text for to-day is—"Give an account of thy stewardship." What a solemn thought that this message will assuredly one day be sent to *me*, and to every individual on the face of the earth. It is commanded, that each one shall diligently devote their time, and talents, to the service of their great Lord and Master, who, according to our several capacities, is ever ready to administer to our need, and—by His in-speaking word—whispers, as with a "still, small voice," what our duty is to Himself, and to our neighbours. Oh! there are seasons when I do secretly long to be doing more to promote the glory of my Lord and Saviour; but I have been clearly shown that it is utterly useless for me to be laying out schemes and forming resolutions to do this, that, and

the other thing, in my own will and strength. The only safe path for me, appears to be to endeavour to become as a little child, and willingly submit to be led along just as He pleaseth—to go in and out before Him in singleness of heart—and then, I do believe, I shall receive Divine instruction in my lesser concerns, as well as in those which are of the first importance. I have, for some time past, felt an increasing solicitude for the spiritual well-being of some of the poor around me, and I have thought of forming a plan, whereby I may in some way impart religious instruction; but as yet, it seems as though all I can do is “to commit my way unto the Lord,” in the hope—if it should be His will to make use of so poor an instrument—He will point out a way for me where I can see none at present.

12 mo. 31st.—The last day of the year has once more arrived, and I am still spared “to recover strength, before I go hence and be no more.” During the past week, I have again been plunged into an extremity of bodily suffering, from a violent attack of spasm. May I receive it as a gentle remembrancer from the hand of my God, who doubtless saw that I was in danger, and, as if to teach me my entire dependence on Him for life, and health, and all things, He has been pleased thus unexpectedly to stop me in my career, and to whisper in my mental ear,—“Stand still, be much in prayer, and I will reveal unto thee more of my excellent glory!” Oh, then, that it may be my daily study to maintain that hungering and

thirsting after righteousness, as to be able to adopt the language of the Psalmist,—“I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.” The past year has been fraught with trials of various kinds, as also with numberless unmerited blessings and mercies. It is under feelings of great abasement, that I venture to record my belief that, though “He has chastened me sore,” He has blessed the work of His own Almighty hand for the good of my soul, by causing me to know something of a dying unto self; for I often feel as though every thing connected with this fleeting world sinks into insignificance, when permitted to dwell under the quickening influence of His good Spirit, enabling me to bear up against the trials of time with a fortitude which is astonishing to myself, because quite unnatural to my disposition. Those very circumstances which used to irritate my temper, seem to be made light and easy to me, and the truth of those words is verified,—“Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.” Oh! whilst my whole body and soul are bowed before the throne of grace, I feel that it is impossible any feeble expression of my pen can ever portray the boundless extension of Divine love on my behalf. On this side eternity, I can do very little towards rendering the praise that is due; but when, through the efficacy of His pardoning blood, my soul is disrobed of her earthly tenement, and clothed with the robe of the Saviour’s righteousness, then, with new



powers, she will commence a never-ending, rapturous strain of thanksgiving to Him to whom belongs all glory, dominion and power! And now that this year is fast closing upon me, I am comforted in the thought that it brings me one nearer to that happy period when "death will be swallowed up in victory."

1840, 1 mo. 1st.—After an almost sleepless night, whilst anxiously watching for the first gleams of daylight, how did I long—if consistent with the will of my Heavenly Father—that the celestial beams of the Sun of Righteousness may be permitted still at seasons to illuminate my heart, and give me strength to fulfil the solemn covenant—to love, serve, fear and obey Him now, henceforth, and for ever more!

"Whilst I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew,  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die *Thy people's death!*"

1 mo. 26th.—Oh, how kind,—how indulgent is my Heavenly Father in permitting me once more to enjoy a state of comparative health,—a blessing which I feel demands my heart-felt gratitude. My strength is so far renovated, that I am again able to resume my accustomed duties, and also to partake of the high gratification of taking exercise in the open air, where there is always, even in the wintry season, much

to excite our wonder and admiration. Whilst the eye is beholding the beauties of creation in the varied landscape around, it seems to expand the heart, and is so calculated to enlarge our finite conceptions of the beneficent Creator, that I delight to contemplate a subject fraught with so much instruction; and when I reflect on the countless mercies and blessings I am continually receiving, my cup seems to overflow, and I am ready to exclaim. What shall I—what can I render?

3 mo. 15th.—“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.” This text has been almost continually with me to-day, whilst my thoughts have been turned towards one of my poor neighbours who we have occasionally visited the last few weeks. She has long been a great sufferer, but in all human probability, the thread of life will soon be severed; and I am comforted in the belief, the change to her will be a peaceful transition from a world of sin to a state of never ending felicity. The last chapter I read to her was the 14th of John, from which she appeared to derive comfort, whilst her simple, though pertinent remarks, indicated that she was no stranger to the precious influence of that peace which proceeds alone from Jesus, who seems to be gently preparing her for an entrance into one of the “many mansions.”

This year Lucy G. was enabled to attend the Yearly Meeting in London, and refers to it as a “high



privilege." A little later, we again find her in the enjoyment of nature's beauties; a pleasure from which she was so often debarred by illness.

6 mo. 19th.—A lovely ride this evening, of about ten miles, with dearest ———. When near home, we turned back some distance to watch a splendid sunset; and whilst beholding the beautiful rays which emanated from the golden globe that had just sunk brightly from our view, a secret prayer was raised in my heart, that we may each be permitted at seasons to feel the illuminating influences of the light of Christ within, to quicken the powers which lie dormant, and animate to a full surrender of ourselves to His righteous government.

8 mo. 30th.—A peaceful, quiet Sabbath, wherein the Lord has been pleased to draw my soul unto Himself, as with the cords of His everlasting love. Oh! I can, indeed, bear my testimony to the benefit and excellency of inward silence, as the best preparation for the performance of pure and spiritual worship, which alone is acceptable in the Divine sight. And it seems to me a duty of infinite importance, to endeavour daily to retire to the immutable source of instruction and strength, and there crave for preservation from evils which may arise from within or without, for want of a greater earnestness to be found faithfully occupying, with the measure of grace received. Those who have never enjoyed the sweets which are to be derived from true inward silence, can form no

conception of their value. It is—I humbly trust—with thankfulness, and under a deep sense of my utter unworthiness, I acknowledge that it has at seasons been my blessed experience to feel an inconceivable sublimity, from the overshadowing presence of the Almighty, not fully to be realized, I believe, in any other way. Great encouragement this to “draw near, in the full assurance of faith” in that Saviour, who, as we feel our need of Him, is ever ready to receive the very weakest of His creatures. And surely no one can have greater cause than my poor unworthy self to sing of His mercies. May my gratitude henceforth be manifested by a greater dedication of heart, and a willingness to co-operate with the frequent, renewed visitations of His love to my soul; which often seem to descend as the refreshing dew upon the tender herb,—and *so gently*, that I find it requires to be very carefully watched and waited for; but oh! *what a treasure when it is found!*

10 mo. 11th.—This morning, just as the Sabbath began to dawn upon us, the emancipated spirit of my beloved and justly valued brother, Richard Burlingham was summoned to quit its earthly tabernacle. We have the consoling belief that to him the change has been a glorious one, and that he has been permitted to enter on that eternal Sabbath which will never have an end.

Writing on the day of the funeral of this beloved relative she says:—

10 mo. 18th.—Oh, that in humility of soul, we may in sincerity respond to the language uttered,—“Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from amongst the children of men;” as, truly, it is only through the help of the Lord that the anointing oil can be poured forth, to prepare others to fill the vacant places of those who have been called to “give up their stewardship.”

11 mo. 15th.—A day of peculiar favour. It has been my blessed privilege to enter as into the banqueting room, where, for a season, my soul seemed to be swallowed up in the love of Christ. My peace did indeed flow as a river, and I longed to remain under the feeling; but such an exalted degree of happiness is too much, to be enjoyed for a continuance, whilst clothed with mortality, and therefore, when favoured with such visitations, I desire thankfully to receive them as a little foretaste of that unspeakable joy which awaits the saints in glory. Oh! it was one of those precious Meetings which demands my highest praise, for though held in silence, it was to me like a “feast of fat things,—of wine on the lees well refined,” and my soul was refreshed with a portion of that “living bread” which cometh down immediately from heaven.

12 mo. 29th.—Since penning the last memorandum I have again, for some days, had to wade through much bodily suffering; but though His hand pressed me sore,—and poor unreasoning nature was almost ready to query, “Why is it thus with me?”—I was



favoured to feel my Saviour near. It seemed as though I could praise Him in the deeps; and the precious confidence that all would eventually be well, soon calmed my fears. Just now I am quite alone, and it seems a sacred duty to endeavour, in my very simple way, to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord; for at this very moment, unworthy, deeply unworthy as I feel of such a favour, my couch,—my bed—and my spirit seem encircled as with the canopy of *His heavenly, His eternal love!* And oh! how much that word *eternal* comprehends. Sustaining thought,—that the love of Jesus can never end.

“How calm, how safe, how satisfied,  
The soul that clings to *Thee*.”

Having, a few days before, alluded to “the blessing of returning health,” she writes:—

1841, 1 mo. 28th.—Yesterday I enjoyed a delightful walk, and afterwards spent an hour alone, much to my comfort. Whilst reclining on the sofa for the purpose of recruiting my wearied limbs, my spirit was sweetly refreshed with the incomes of Heavenly love, which broke upon me as a morning without clouds. Oh, how inexpressibly precious are such opportunities of spiritual communion with Christ; it seems so like receiving the bread and wine of the Kingdom immediately from Himself. May the regenerating operation of His Divine grace continue to crucify the old man, with his deeds, until He gains the whole and sole



possession of my heart. "The salvation of the soul is precious" indeed; and I sometimes hope that I do see the necessity of becoming more fully convinced of the sinfulness of offending in what may be termed little things, and of listening more attentively to the "still, small voice," in the daily transactions of life, from the conviction that, if practical religion was more observed, we should experience an increase of spiritual strength in proportion; but, for want of abiding under the restrictions of this faithful witness within, we doubtless often suffer loss, and bring trouble and condemnation on ourselves.

2 mo. 7th.—The weather is unusually severe, which obliges me to spend the day at home. It has been a day of spiritual visitation, and my soul is lifted up in fervent supplication to the God of my life, that I may not be unmindful of my covenant, and also for ability to praise Him in that He has been pleased to own with His presence our seasons of retirement.—Yes, when the *two* have sat down together to feel after Him, it has, I can reverently acknowledge, been my happy experience to find Him very near, and I always regret when anything occurs to interfere with these precious opportunities. Oh! how very much I have to call forth my gratitude; and I record it, that, in case these lines should ever meet the eyes of another similarly circumstanced, when I have done with all things here, they may take encouragement from the fact that there has been an *obscure individual* before them, who can testify that "the Lord is good to the soul that seeketh

Him," and that He deals most tenderly with His children—reproving for sin, but amply rewarding for the least act of obedience with a portion of true peace which proceeds alone from Him, the Author of all consolation.

3 mo. 5th.—On waking this morning, the language uttered by my adorable Redeemer when personally on earth—"Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly"—was so impressively revived in my remembrance, that it felt to me like a Gospel message. Oh! that I may be enabled to receive it as such, and be found more faithful in the due performance of this sacred duty. I do believe the *morning* as well as the *evening* sacrifice is called for, and have found it very profitable to devote a portion of time to silent retirement before entering on the duties of the day.

4 mo. 11th.—Oh! my merciful Father, since it has pleased Thee in the riches of Thy unbounded love, to manifest Thyself unto me as the God of all truth, and from season to season to enlighten my soul with the precious influences of Thy grace, permit me in deep humiliation of spirit, to offer up at Thy sacred footstool the tribute of grateful praise! I desire reverently to thank Thee, oh Father, for the blessing of continued health, and I would crave, if consistent with Thy most holy will that, with the increase of bodily strength, my mental powers may be more unreservedly consecrated to Thee! Grant me ability I pray Thee,

in every season of doubt and discouragement, to look stedfastly with the eye of faith to that Saviour who is one with Thee, and through whose intercession alone my feeble aspirations can ever be acceptable in Thy Divine sight. Therefore it is in His name I venture not only to praise Thee for many past unmerited mercies and blessings, but also to entreat Thy favour in my future steppings along through life. Preserve me, I pray Thee, in the hour of temptation, keep me in Thy fear continually, and lay self very low even in the dust before Thee. Thou knowest oh God, how earnestly I long to know a being clothed with the robe of my Saviour's righteousness, that the great wish for my soul's salvation may be thoroughly accomplished through Thy power; which, blessed be Thy name, is, and will be everlastingly the same!—Amen.

5 mo. 9th.—This morning, through the power of Him who is "strength in weakness," my soul did magnify in secret the riches of redeeming love. All within me seemed humbled as at the feet of Jesus; and oh! it does seem as though I could give up every thing to possess more of this "precious gift," and to know a closer fellowship with the Father, through Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour. The world has few, very few attractions for me—my treasure is in Heaven; and earnestly do I crave that henceforth my heart may be more abidingly there also.

7 mo. 11th.—Words fail me to express the solemnity which has pervaded my mind during Meeting



this morning ; it seemed as if the language had gone forth, "Awake, oh north wind, and come, thou south wind ; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." Such was the heavenly feeling I was brought under, that I was afraid to move, or even to look up, lest the delightful effect thereof should be dissipated by any outward object. Oh! these precious evidences of my blessed Saviour's interceding love are so sacred, and so incomparably valuable, that I long to record something which may tell of His mercy and redound to His glory when my poor faltering tongue shall have ceased to utter its feeble aspirations of praise and thanksgiving; for truly I have abundant cause to speak well of His name, who has "plucked my feet out of the miry clay," and upheld me many a time when ready to fall into the snare of the enemy.

1841, 7 mo. 29th.—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." During a delightful season of retirement, whilst my dear sister was gone to Meeting, these consoling words were revived in my remembrance much to my comfort. Oh! how sustaining is the least morsel of spiritual bread when it comes immediately from the Master's hand, and administered in a way the world knows not of,—it seems so to quicken the living principle within, and to impart a portion of that enriching peace wherewith a "stranger cannot intermeddle."

"Then teach me how to serve  
And do Thy holy will,

And if it should be, not to act,  
 But only to *be still*,  
 E'en so my soul the voice revere,  
 And move in thy allotted sphere."

Describing an experience of sore conflict, she says :—

12 mo. 12th.—My state seemed comparable to that which the Apostle describes as being 'baptized unto death,' and my distress was great indeed. Now all is laid open before me, and I can see mercy stamped on every stroke of His rod. Self was rising into dominion; my Heavenly Father saw my danger, and brought me to a sense thereof.—When shall I learn humility? Oh! may I never forget this chastisement, and the renewed evidence thus granted of the continued condescending love of my unslumbering Shepherd, in gathering His strayed sheep once more into the safe enclosure. Having thus taught me His will by the things which I have suffered, He is now graciously pleased to extend over me the everlasting wing of His preservation, and again to illuminate my path, so that my soul seems endued with new energies to celebrate that redeeming power which has been so remarkably displayed, to shew me what I really am by nature, and also what I may be through the efficacy of saving grace. Under a sense thereof, and I trust in deep abasedness of soul, I desire solemnly to renew my covenant henceforth to serve the Lord in humility and fear, through the intercession of that Saviour who has promised to be 'strength in weakness.'

12 mo. 31st.—Rapid, rapid is the flight of time. Another year just expiring, and I am still a pilgrim here. My mind feels greatly solemnized this morning, and a song of melodious praise seems raised in my heart to the God and Father of my life, in that He has safely brought me so much nearer to my happy, happy home; and as Hallelujah! is the key-note in the praise of Heaven, I strike it now as one of those who hope to join in the song through all eternity.

1842, 1 mo. 2nd.—This is the first Sabbath in the New Year. May it be consecrated to the Lord of Life and Glory! My quiet room seems to me like a little sanctuary; and a gleam of sunshine, after a long succession of gloomy weather, looks quite cheering, whilst my mind feels calm and unruffled, like the surface of a silvery lake. How strengthening the assurance that "Jerusalem is a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."

1 mo. 6th.—

"Father, Thy pleasure all fulfil,  
I yield me to Thy sovereign will;  
Let earthly comforts ebb or rise,  
Tranquil on Thee my soul relies."

1 mo. 9th.—After three weeks confinement to my room, I have been spending a few hours very pleasantly in our comfortable little parlour,—another favour to praise Thee for, oh my eternal Heavenly Father! Thou who hast made all my bed in my



sickness, be pleased to be very near me in all my steppings, and keep me constantly in Thy holy fear.

9 mo. 12th.—After an absence of two months, we are now again enjoying the comforts of our own dear home,—a favour which calls for heartfelt gratitude; for surely we can acknowledge that merciful preservation has been extended on the right hand and on the left, and that when widely separated from our near and dearest relatives, we were permitted at seasons to experience the presence of Him whose eye is ever watching over the whole of His scattered heritage. Many a time, during our delightful sojourn on the interesting little Island,\* though solitarily situated as to outward society, the precious incomes of Divine love were so frequent, and so animating and refreshing to my spirits, that the recollection of those happy seasons is often sweetly revived, and seems to act as a stimulus to urge me trustingly to press forward amidst surrounding difficulties.

11 mo. 7th.—Spent a delightful evening with my dear companion, —. We much enjoyed reading together the account of the closing moments of a devoted missionary,—Sarah Smith; which introduced our minds into a precious solemnity, and we were enabled freely to converse together in much unity of spirit. Oh! how binding and cementing are such opportunities; it seems so like travelling onward hand-in-hand towards our Heavenly home, where,

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\*Isle of Man.

through the merits of Redeeming love, we may humbly hope to be one day united, never more to know a separation.

11 mo. 20th.—A joyous Sabbath! My mind is sweetly calm, and I seem to have nothing to trouble me. Ah! how I love to meditate in secret, to commune with my own heart, and to be still before the Lord my God; it is so like tasting of the hidden manna, and better—far better than any thing this world can afford.

1843.—Of this year there is little record. Improved health enabled L. G. to join in social intercourse with her friends, and in visiting the poor.

12 mo. 17th, she writes:—This has been a happy, peaceful day. The time during Meeting this morning was rendered truly delightful by the sensible presence of Him whom my soul loves to worship and adore “in the silence of all flesh;” whilst the beautiful gleams of sunshine which now and then burst in upon us, was to me so emblematical of that celestial glory on which we have been led to hope our departed — has entered, that I looked on it as a token in confirmation of that precious hope, which afforded much real comfort to my mind. Oh! it was good, *very* good to be there!

12 mo. 18th.—Another of our worthies gathered, we cannot doubt, into the garner of everlasting rest and peace. The removal of this beloved friend—Elizabeth Robson—has affected me a good deal, from

the recollection that a few words spoken by her in our Meeting, many years ago, were the first that ever made any lasting impression on my mind. Many, many times have I recurred to that period with gratitude, I trust, for this message from the Lord, handed in so forcible a manner through this His highly gifted minister, and fastened by His own power as a nail in a sure place.\* \* \*

1844, 8mo. 13th.—After having enjoyed comparative health for nearly three years, I am now slowly recovering from a very severe attack of my old complaint. The continued noise and confusion in my head is still very wearing, but, blessed be God, the poor mind seems sweetly centered on Jesus, and I am constrained to acknowledge with one who doubtless is entered into glory,—“My affliction was not grievous, as it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord!” Oh, it does seem wonderful how I am enabled, from one season to another, to leave the things that are behind, and look forward brightly to the future, as, whatever that future may reveal, I do trustingly believe, that all will work together for my good. \* \* \* This recent afflictive dispensation, I cannot but believe, has been permitted in great mercy, as it feels to me like the salutation of a tender Father, inviting to a closer walk with Him. Oh! saith my soul,—that such a gracious call may be responded to, and all the designs of my Heavenly Father be fully answered, for there yet remains in me much, very much that requires to be purified as with “the refiner’s



fire, and the fuller's soap." Thou, oh Father! knowest the sincerity of my desires, and Thou also knowest my many weaknesses, but, in the renewed remembrance of Thy never-failing, compassionate regard, I am emboldened once more to resign myself, and all that I have, into Thy holy keeping, both now and for ever more.—Amen!

1845 was marked by a peculiarly distressing event, of which we find the following brief record:—

6 mo. 26th.—On this ever memorable day, *my life* was placed in imminent danger, from an embrocation having been given me in mistake for a draught.

7 mo. 13th.—Bowed under a sense of devotional feeling, permit me, oh Lord, to approach Thy sacred footstool, and there to pour forth the language of thanksgiving and praise; for truly I can say with the Psalmist,—“In the day when I cried, Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.” Since it has been Thy good pleasure to redeem my life, even as it were from the very brink of the grave, I desire thankfully to acknowledge the goodness of Thy protecting providence. Permit me, I humbly beseech Thee, in abasedness of soul, reverently to thank Thee for the precious evidence of acceptance wherewith Thou wast pleased to visit me; and also for the merciful preservation of my life, for the sake of my dear sister. Oh! that I had words, more fully to express the depth of gratitude I feel; but Thou

knowest, oh Lord, the sincerity with which I venture to offer before Thee these poor broken petitions, looking brightly forward to that happy time when my emancipated spirit, redeemed and purified by the blood of the Lamb, may everlastingly unite with those who stand before Thy throne, in ascribing high praise unto Thee and to my blessed Saviour, for whose sake alone my many sins have been blotted out before Thee!—Amen.

“Ah! when shall I shake off these trammels of flesh,  
And reach that eternal abode,  
Where the joys I so value shall blossom afresh,  
Revived by the smiles of my God?

Shall I think the embrace that dissolves them too  
cold?

Shall I think the short journey too drear,  
When the arms of my Saviour my spirit enfold,  
And the gates of the City appear?

No!—Welcome the summons that bids me depart,  
And, welcome the moment to me,  
When the clog from my spirit, death strikes with  
his dart,  
And bids me for ever be free!

Lord Jesus, I then in Thy Glory shall share,  
And for ever be blest with Thy sight;  
When all will be tranquil, and all will be fair,  
And all will be *endless delight!*”

10 mo. 30th.—This has been a remarkably happy day; so much so, that I can hardly feel satisfied without thus commemorating the continued goodness and

loving-kindness of the Lord. My thoughts were unusually solemn during Meeting; and it seemed at intervals as though, with the eye of faith, I could take a glance of that beautiful City, "whose inhabitants never say I am sick," with the animating hope that the blissful period will one day come, when my spirit, ransomed by the precious price of a Saviour's blood, will everlastingly inherit a place amongst the saints in glory. Ah! when thus favoured to dwell, as under the shadow of the Almighty, and to feel that He is still my Shepherd, and my Friend, how do all the conflicts incident to this life sink, as into oblivion? Surely I have abundant cause to bless, praise, and adore His great and excellent Name, now, and for ever more!

11 mo. 9th.—I think I never felt so much the necessity of craving, morning by morning, and evening by evening, for a fresh supply of strength and patience to enable me submissively to meet my present trials. Indeed, it seems now as though I have a double duty to perform, in seeking after quiet acquiescence for myself, and also in using every effort to cheer and comfort my dearest sister; who largely participates by sharing, mentally, in my bodily sufferings. Oh! that she may be strengthened to leave the unknown future with our gracious, Heavenly Father, who, if He sees meet, can remove this peculiar affliction; but if it should be still continued, can we for a moment doubt the all-sufficiency of His arm to support and to console under it.



The above remarks have reference to the after consequences of the distressing accident referred to in the 6th mo. The whole of the passage leading to the stomach gradually became contracted by the action of the burning liniment, until no solid food could be retained, and the dear sufferer seemed almost starved. As a last resource, the use of a bougie was resorted to, and by this means—though peculiarly distressing—relief was at length obtained, and she was enabled, by slow degrees, again to take nourishment, and experience a gradual restoration of strength.

11 mo. 27th.—The difficulty I still feel in taking the food which nature seems most to require, is so great that my spirits sometimes sink from exhaustion. But this morning, I desire to be very thankful for a little renewal of strength, after a day of unusual depression. Last evening, my beloved sister read the 121st Psalm to me, when, I can truly say, it came as a messenger of comfort to my soul; and to-day these precious words, "The Lord is thy keeper," continue with me, and are inexpressibly sweet and refreshing. Ah! I long for an increase of faith and confidence in that power which alone can availingly help me to bear my present very trying allotment.

12 mo. 29th.—In submitting to a distressingly painful operation, which has been proposed by my medical attendant as likely to afford some relief, I feel persuaded that it is only as my Heavenly Father is pleased to bless this, or any other means, that I can

derive the least possible benefit. I do most earnestly long to be kept in a passive state, and resignedly to adopt the language,—“Not my will, but Thine, oh Lord, be done!”

1846, 6 mo. 26th.—The return of this day excites in my breast many inexpressible emotions, whilst memory vividly retraces the moments as they fly, so that it seems as though I should be glad to creep into any nook, there silently to dwell upon the Love and Mercy of my Heavenly Father. Ah! it is indeed precious encouraging to reflect how the “Angel of His presence” supported and sustained me during the agonizing period, when it appeared as though my life would be laid low, as with a stroke; and also, in His having been pleased, since then, so remarkably to bless the various means resorted to for the restoration of the injured organs, that now, at the expiration of twelve months, scarcely a trace remains of the distressing effects of that very fearful accident. Truly I may exclaim,—“With God all things are possible!”

“My life I would anew  
Devote, oh Lord, to Thee,  
And in Thy blissful service spend  
*A long Eternity!*”

For the next ten years there are but few entries in her Diary.

1855, 8 mo. 12th.—For some weeks past my spirits have been at times unusually depressed; indeed I have had to undergo a severe struggle of mind, whilst

endeavouring to become reconciled to the great trial of increasing deafness, which has latterly been my painful experience ; but this morning, in our silent Meeting, I may thankfully acknowledge that a little renewal of faith and confidence was granted, under the influence of which I would secretly petition for ability to bear this and every other trial with quiet submission to the will of my Heavenly Father. At our Monthly Meeting, on Fifth-day last, whilst a dear friend was engaged in supplication, and I was unable to hear a word he uttered, this text was brought before me with comfort,—“Look unto *Me* and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for *I* am God, and there is none else.” Oh! that I could continually keep my mind centred on that sustaining arm which is stretched out for my help, and rather number my daily mercies, than give way to anything like repining at my deprivations and trials.

11 mo. 30th.—The continued, constant noise and confusion in my head seems like a watch-word, reminding me of the uncertainty of life, and of the necessity of a diligent occupation with the talent received. Oh! let me watch, for I know not the day nor the hour when my Lord cometh; and when that day arrives, may I be found in Him.

12 mo. 9th.—Having lately tried various remedies for my trying deafness, without any benefit whatever, it has this day been my earnest desire, during a season of special silent waiting, to be made willing, henceforth entirely to leave it with Him who has permitted



this very exercising trial, and in abasedness of spirit to say,—“Not my will, but Thine, oh Lord, be done.”

“Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,  
Though every earthly comfort die;  
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,  
And raise my sacred pleasures high.”

1856, 4 mo. 10th.—Prevented attending our General Meeting at Worcester, on account of the illness of my dear sister; but as she was well enough to be left for a short time, I went to our Meeting-house at home, where—as no one joined me—I sat the usual time quite alone as to outward company, but I may thankfully acknowledge that He, who we are told regardeth the sparrow on the house-top, was not unmindful of a solitary worshipper in that retired spot; as there, apart from the busy world, I was permitted to enjoy a little spiritual refreshment, and to feel strengthened and encouraged still to press forward, even though some very rough stones may be strewn in the path cast up for me to walk in. Oh, how very precious are such seasons of Heavenly condescension!

4 mo. 22nd.—An unusual number of callers to-day; when I repeatedly felt as it were isolated in the midst of company, for truly, it is when thus surrounded by my friends, and interesting conversation is going on amongst them, that I feel the full force of *my trial*. At the same time, I trust it is my earnest desire cheerfully to meet it, and daily to cherish a sense of thankfulness for the many mercies and blessings it is my happiness to enjoy.

1857, 7 mo. 19th.—A very precious time at Meeting this morning. Dear —— supplicated, when my spirit seemed knit to hers in, I trust, something of the sweet unity of Gospel fellowship; and during the Heavenly stillness that followed, my heart was made truly thankful for the privilege of thus participating in the gifts graciously bestowed immediately from the loving hand of our universal Father; for whilst to one was given the power of utterance, to another—I can testify—was granted by the same Spirit, a season of that soul-satisfying peace which proceeds alone from Him who gives to His creatures severally, as He will. Oh, for a deeper sense of humility, and a more constant clinging to that “Rock which is higher than I,” and which, thanks to His name, is immovably fixed!

10 mo. 25th.—“Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of saints!”

This day, after a short but very severe illness, the spirit of my precious beloved sister, Ann Burlingham, was, we consolingly believe, gathered into the Haven of everlasting rest and blessedness. Whilst contemplating the event, my heart is humbled as in the presence of Him who giveth no account of any of His matters; and though deeply sensible of our great loss, in this instance there does seem so much cause for heart-felt thankfulness, that the warfare is ended and the victory won, that every selfish feeling which would have detained this loved one amongst us still,

seems hushed into silence. Yes, her walk through this life was a tribulated and a chequered one, but now, how transporting the thought that, there on the beautiful strand, many who were once beloved on earth—but who had entered upon the promised inheritance a little before—would be waiting to welcome her to the land of the blest, and also to a participation, with them, in the never-ending song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lamb ; through whose intercession their redeemed spirits will *for ever* be reunited, and enjoy together an eternity of rest and peace. Cheered by the animating thought that, after a few more trials and conflicts, *we* also shall join them there, may each one be encouraged, still to “press on towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus!”

1858. 4 mo. 18th.—With a heart bowed down under a sense of my utter weakness, permit me at this favoured season to approach Thy sacred footstool, oh Lord God Almighty, and there to offer unto Thee, through the intercession of my precious Saviour, my tribute of humble gratitude for Thy continued loving-kindness during my pilgrimage through life's chequered journey. My soul seems animated to take a little fresh courage, and to cast myself, and all my sorrows, upon Thee; for truly, I can acknowledge,—“Thou hast been my help, therefore, in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.” Suffer me not, I pray Thee, to give way to discouragement on account of my isolated position in society, but enable me, through Thy power,



to turn in secret unto Thee, the inexhaustible Fountain of all Good, where it has of late been my blessed experience to drink large draughts of that river which maketh glad Thy whole heritage, wherever scattered. Let not then, I entreat Thee, a murmur arise in my breast, but, whilst reposing on Thy Love, enable me reverently to breathe the language,—"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

After the distressing illness consequent on the accident referred to in 6 mo. 1845, the attacks in the head accompanied with violent spasm, did not recur, and for some years L. G. enjoyed comparative health, though still broken by attacks of severe illness; but the noise in the head—occasionally referred to in her memoranda—was constant, and often very distressing. Deafness, too, gradually increased, until she seemed unable to hear anything that passed around her; and this, combined with a naturally sensitive and retiring disposition, led her to withdraw from social intercourse, and confine herself very much to the claims of home. There, by means of a trumpet, she could enjoy converse with her friends, one at a time; and was ever ready to sympathize in the pleasures and interests of others. The elder sister, Elizabeth, who had so lovingly nursed her younger sisters, in many suffering illnesses, was herself becoming the object of tender solicitude, as paralysis gradually diminished mental and physical power, until the 4th mo. of 1863, when

she was taken to her heavenly home. Lucy G. then became her brother's housekeeper.

9 mo. 13th.—Whilst sitting beside my dearest sister, whose very feeble condition often excites my tenderest sympathy, and sometimes tends greatly to depress my spirits,—as the shades of evening were gathering around us—my mind was gently introduced into a state of holy quiet; when, upon retiring to my chamber, in order to encourage this precious feeling, I was permitted for a little season to enjoy a mental feast. Yes, my Saviour seemed as in the midst, greeting me with His own comforting words,—“Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” Thus are my solitary moments cheered, and the balm of consolation poured into my drooping heart.

“Give to the winds thy fears,  
 Hope, and be undismayed;  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
 He shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears the way;  
 Wait thou His time!—so shall the night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?  
 Still sink thy spirits down?  
 Cast off this weight! Let fear depart,  
 And every care be gone!

What,—though thou rulest not,  
 Yet Heaven, and earth, and hell  
 Proclaim that God is on the throne!—  
 He doeth all things well!

12 mo. 23rd.—Here, once again brought safely a little further on my heavenward journey, with a heart full of gratitude, I can indeed erect my Ebenezer, and acknowledge,—“Hitherto the Lord hath helped.” The past week has been one of mercies, too marked and too precious, to be allowed to pass unrecorded. Rather a serious attack of illness withdrew me from my accustomed duties, at a time when pressing calls upon my attention made it appear almost impossible for me to lie by. At the commencement, the fervent petition ascended,—“Lord, increase my faith;” and as one day succeeded another, it was very striking to me to observe how remarkably—“hard things were made easy.” The deep sense of pardoning love that has been granted, and the nearness with which my soul was permitted to approach the very border-land of Heaven, and there to partake so abundantly of the fulness of Him who is “All in All,” is now a theme for solemn admiration and praise! Yes, once and again, my happiness was so complete, I thought I had nearly done with the things of time; but then, my loved and feeble sister still clung so close, that for her sake *alone*, I prayed—if consistent with the will of my Heavenly Father—the span of my natural life may yet be lengthened out a little longer. And now that this prayer has been mercifully answered, the



exercise of my mind is great, that on returning to the cares and perplexities of this ever-changing state of existence, a retrospective glance at the inexpressible enjoyment of spiritual comfort and consolation, in the time of extremity, may sometimes be permitted to cast a ray of celestial light on my chequered path, and lead me, more constantly to commit all my sorrows to that Saviour, with whom it has been my blessed privilege to hold such sweet communion.

1859, 1 mo. 9th.—After six weeks absence, I have felt it a privilege again to sit down with my friends at Meeting. “God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” For the right qualification to perform acceptably this sacred duty, it is sometimes necessary to wrestle long, before we obtain the blessing on our endeavour. This was my experience to-day; but towards the close of Meeting, my soul was so refreshed with the day-spring from on high, that I am bound to acknowledge, it is good to trust in the Lord *at all times*, for when even one ray from His excellent glory is permitted to enlighten our path, how soon is a long night of weeping exchanged for a morning of joy! “He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life.”

4 mo. 14th.—To-day our General Meeting is held at Worcester, whither most of our friends are gone; but, very soon after I sat down, at the same time with a few others, in our usual place for worship, the calming influence of Heavenly love was sensibly felt to

spread over my spirit, and I was comforted in being permitted to believe there was a mingling in exercise with some there, for the prosperity of the truth, as it is in Jesus. After Meeting, I went a nice walk, during which my mind was so sweetly visited, that it seemed as though I could communicate with my Saviour, even as with an earthly friend; only there is always this difference,—with every fresh token of *His* love, there does seem such a consummation of happiness, that I am sometimes ready to exclaim,—“What will Heaven be?”

In the 9th mo. of this year, she writes:—Several circumstances have of late tended very much to depress my spirits, and the “best life” has been crushed down with the cares and perplexities of this ever-changing state of existence. Faith has been very low, so that I have been ready to say,—“O, that it were with me as in days past, when the candle of the Lord shone around my dwelling.”

Two days later, the cloud was somewhat lifted. She writes:—

As the passing showers only make the sunshine more glad, when it succeeds them, so it is in a spiritual sense; for truly I can testify, that never are the extendings of Heavenly love more refreshing to the soul, than after a season of clouds and discouragement. The Apostle says,—“Beloved, think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial which is to try you,

as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad, also with exceeding joy." O Lord, I pray Thee, endue me with patience and resignation, under every exercising conflict Thou seest meet to try me with; only, take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, but, in adorable condescension, enable me to see Thy hand in every chastisement which is necessary for the furtherance of my complete salvation. Thou knowest, oh Father, the weakness and poverty which have of late encompassed my path; be with me, I entreat Thee, in the low valley of humiliation into which Thou hast been pleased to lead me, doubtless for purposes of Thy own glory. I confess, in deep contrition of spirit, my transgression in not having been sufficiently watchful over myself; and reverently desire to thank Thee for the glimmer of light which has shone on my path this day, whereby I have discovered my error, and for which I now ask Thy forgiveness, for the sake of Jesus, my only Advocate with Thee; that being more clothed with the robe of His Righteousness, all the fiery darts of the evil one may be quenched; for I know, assuredly, that no weapon which is formed against Thee shall prosper. All the power, and all the victory belongeth unto Thee, Thou inexhaustible Fountain of Good, therefore I cast myself entirely upon Thy mercy, and ascribe unto Thee all the praise, through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour!—Amen.



10 mo. 23rd.—“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the Shadow of the Almighty.” Beautiful text! How sweetly has it been verified in my experience this day; so much so, that I feel constrained to retire to my chamber, and thus commemorate the goodness of the Lord to one of the very weakest of His flock. How unstable and how insignificant does everything on earth appear, in comparison with the secret manifestations of the love of Christ; for in these hallowed seasons, when near access is granted, and my soul is so refreshed with these precious communings, it does feel, indeed, as though “the Shadow of the Almighty” is as a canopy spread round about my tabernacle, and I am sometimes ready to exclaim,—Come life, or come death, at any moment, “*all will be well;*” for my very soul seems “hid with Christ in God.” And here I would offer the tribute of thanksgiving and praise, for the inestimable privilege of having been taught where to fly for refuge in the time of temptation and trial; for how often, when bowed down under a weight of care, does the sweet voice of Jesus whisper to my troubled spirit,—“Bring *all* to Me;” and then it is that I am enabled “to pour out my complaint before Him,” in the full assurance that “He careth for me,” and to go on my way rejoicing, as in His presence.

1860, 4 mo. 22nd.—A *First-day*. A day not soon to be forgotten. The text given for my comfort, during the solemn time wherein dear — was engaged in supplication this morning, was—“God, who

is rich in mercy; for His great love, wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ,—by grace ye are saved—and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus." Sometimes a desire will arise that I could know whether the words uttered are in accordance with my own feelings. But what matters it, as long as the unction of the Spirit is felt to be gathering us together, *as one* in Christ Jesus our Holy Head!

6 mo. 25th.—Of what priceless value are the records of Scripture truth, to a soul panting for the waters of life; and with what force do they come, as one encouraging portion after another is given in answer to the prayer of faith. These words have been hanging on my lips throughout the day,—“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;” and whilst encircled, as with a halo of light and love, it has felt to me that my blessed Saviour is inviting me to

“Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
The centre of *His love*,  
Where sweet attractions never cease  
To *draw our hearts* above.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
With *all* our wants and fears;  
The Saviour's hand shall kindly chase  
Away the *bitterest* tears.”

7 mo. 8th.—“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,

whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Awoke unusually early this morning, and meditated delightfully for a considerable time before leaving my bed. My mind was brought into such a tranquil, trustful state, and my conscience so freed from the burden of sin, that it felt to me like reposing in great confidence on the bosom of Jesus. O! what a mercy, thus to be watched over by Him who granted me ability to "praise Him with joyful lips." My dear little room is become my sanctuary, where the opportunity is afforded for that prayerful retiredness of spirit which I could not obtain elsewhere. Surely nothing,—no, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord."

8 mo. 12th.—For some days past discouragement has taken possession of my mind, to a powerful degree; occasioned, I believe, by allowing myself to dwell too much on the very complicated, exercising trials which attend my path, without making any effort to cast my care on that Almighty Helper who has hitherto so abundantly cared for, and preserved me. This evening I have instructively remembered the condition of the Apostle, when he wrote thus:—"There was given me a thorn in the flesh,—the messenger of Satan, to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing, I besought the Lord, thrice, that it might depart from me, and He said,—



My Grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh, for an increase of faith in my God, during these seasons wherein He denies the sensible enjoyment of His presence, lest the flesh should glory; and if He tarry long, may I be endued with patience, and quiet trust, till He is pleased to arise and scatter all that is opposed to His own most blessed will. Truly our spiritual enemies are lively, and they are strong, but—"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Oh, glorious promise!

9 mo. 13th.—O! thou Eternal Father, before whom the secrets of all hearts are open, and who art acquainted with my many weaknesses, suffer me, at this season of deep prostration, to present myself at Thy footstool as a helpless child, and there to plead with Thee for a renewal of spiritual strength, and a sense of clearness to discover if there is any way in which one so isolated can, in the least degree, promote Thy glory. Thou knowest, oh God, how much my heart is in the work now commenced around us, and how fervent have been my prayers that Thy blessing may rest upon it, as without *that*, none of our feeble efforts can possibly prosper; but as Thy holy hand directs the instruments Thou art pleased to employ in such a service, the assurance is granted that nothing can overthrow it. Oh, then, I would ask Thee to send out Thy light and Thy truth, that the inhabitants

of the earth may learn righteousness, that the outcasts may be gathered, and come to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. Oh, Lord! strengthen our faith, inflame our love, enlarge our views, support us in trials, guide us by Thy counsel, and receive us into glory, that we may sing Thy praise to all eternity.—Amen.

9 mo. 29th.—For a considerable time past, portions of that beautiful chapter, the 53rd of Isaiah, have been so frequently revived in my recollection, that I have been induced to commit the whole to memory, and I have found that the regular practice of repeating it through in the seclusion of my own chamber before retiring to rest for the night, has proved very salutary. When tossed, tempted, and tried, my spirit has often felt solemnized whilst reflecting on the sufferings of Him who was not only “despised and rejected of men,” but, whilst bearing the burden of the sins of the whole world in His agony on the Cross, He felt deserted by His Father, as though it were necessary, “in pouring out His soul unto death,” that He should drink the very dregs of the cup of bitterness. *Now* He is “exalted by the right hand of God, to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.”

“My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve,—  
 Till hope shall in fruition die,  
 And all my soul be *love*.

Forever, here, my rest shall be  
 Close to Thy bleeding side;  
 'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,—  
 For me the Saviour died."

10 mo. 28th.—"Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed. O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." The last week has been a happy, happy time to me, wherein, "dwelling as under the shadow of the Almighty,"—amidst the frailties of the flesh, and a deep sense of my utter unworthiness—it has been my blessed privilege to hear the "still, small voice" of Jesus, whispering—"Peace! Be still!" And at this favoured season, being permitted to draw very near to the footstool of Divine mercy, I desire to praise Him, as on the banks of deliverance, for the renewed assurance granted, that all my sins are blotted out for His own Name's sake. At night, before sinking to repose, it has felt as though His arm was encircling me round about; and in the morning, before entering on my daily duties, again and again, these words have been given for my encouragement,—"Fear not, for I



am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God." Remember, My love is continued, and will be for everlasting.

1861, 3 mo. 28th.—To-day I have been much impressed with the thought that, whilst we are probationers in this state of existence—which is so constantly liable to fluctuations and changes—if we could habitually look less at the weakness of frail humanity, and more on the power of Christ, who can subdue all things unto Himself, we should thereby gain strength to pursue our heavenward journey more hopefully; whereas, by giving way too much to discouragement, the vital principle of spiritual life becomes dim, inducing a state of inertia, and depression, which tends greatly to mar the brightness of the Christian character.

4 mo. 11th.—On entering our usual place of worship, "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto thee," was my watchword. Very soon after, I seemed to be encircled with a canopy of Heavenly love, under which I was permitted to realize such a season of soul-satisfying enjoyment in the presence of Him who is indeed "the chiefest of ten thousand, and altogether lovely," that I was ready to exclaim,—*"Why art thou ever cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God!"* O, this delightful spiritual communion, this tasting of the hidden manna—the true bread from heaven—has

felt to me like another seal binding the immortal part in the covenant of grace; and, under a living sense of the full and free pardon purchased for us all by "the one offering," imparts a fellowship with Christ, which can only be fully known when His "spirit witnesseth with our spirits, that we are the children of God." How great is His goodness in thus condescending to visit the hearts of the children of men,—convincing of evil, and creating the desire to be more fully taught in the school of Christ.

7 mo. 5th.—Much perplexed and tried, about some domestic arrangements. O, for ability quietly to leave the future, trusting that help will come in the needful time. My simple desire is this: to be enabled by God's grace—which I know is all-sufficient—to leave all my concerns, my comforts and my cares, in His hands, with unwavering confidence in His Fatherly love and tenderness, to order all so as shall best promote His glory, and my soul's prosperity.

7 mo. 28th.—To-day, my head is so confused and noisy, that all I can do is to endeavour, quietly to dwell under the shadow of Him who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust." Surely, this is a state calculated to teach me humility; for if my safety depended upon my own strength or ability, I should indeed, soon become a castaway. Be pleased, O Lord, to continue to work in me, both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure, and strengthen my confidence in the all-sufficiency of my blessed Saviour, who is able to save to the uttermost, all that

come unto Thee through Him; then, though heart and flesh fail, Thou wilt be the strength of my life, and my portion for ever.

8 mo. 3rd.—This morning I was led especially to pray, that a renewal of faith and patience may be granted, both to my dear sister, and my poor self, in the very exercising path through which we are guided by a hand that cannot err. And truly the day has proved how much we need support beyond our own, to bear us forward, as it has been an unusually trying time; but, now that the shades of evening are gathering round us, I would offer the tribute of thanksgiving for the favour of having been brought safely to the close of another day; and I would also crave for ability to comfort the feeble one, with a little of "that comfort wherewith I myself am comforted of God." O Lord! teach me, I pray Thee, how to convey to another the lessons learnt in Thy own school, as, without Thy assistance, I feel utterly unable; at the same time, I do know that nothing is impossible with Thee.

1862, 12 mo. 4th.—Of late I have felt very poorly, from great oppression on my chest, and, with the return of physical weakness, came a conflict with the enemy. For a *little season* only, I felt discouraged, tried, and tempted. Yes, even tempted to cast away my confidence; but this could not be. The standard was mercifully raised in the needful time, and Jesus gently whispered,—“Fly to Me for refuge; My arms are open to receive thee;” since which, no fear or



doubt has been suffered to assail me, as, with a renewal of confidence, I felt safe. But it is all of Grace,—no merit.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

1863, 1 mo. 1st.—Under a very humbling sense of my own weakness, and the all-sufficiency of Thy grace to supply my every need, permit me at this season, Almighty Father, to approach Thy footstool, and, in the name of my adorable Saviour, to ask Thy blessing on the year which has now opened upon me. O! be pleased to be very near me, and grant ability—through all the changes wherewith Thou may be pleased to mark my onward pilgrimage—to say, in sincerity of heart,—“Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done.” Give me, I pray Thee, a quiet confidence, and a trustful spirit, from moment to moment. \* \* And, in the remembrance of Thy abounding mercy thus far, I would further crave for ability, more manifestly to glorify my Saviour than I ever yet have done. Shew me, I pray Thee, more clearly, what to do and what to leave undone; and keep me in the hour of temptation, as, without Thy preserving care, I feel sometimes as though I must fall by the hand of the enemy.

4 mo. 9th.—After about eleven weeks anxious and fatiguing watching, we have this morning witnessed the closing moments of our beloved, long afflicted sister, Elizabeth. And now that the conflict is ended; under the consoling belief that this precious weary

one has entered into everlasting rest, there is in my heart such a prevalent sense of gratitude to our faithful Creator, for the way in which—in the retrospect—we can trace His hand in this dispensation, that I can only bow and feel thankful for the release of her purified and redeemed spirit.

5 mo. 16th.—Last night was a time of wakeful watchfulness. My precious departed sister was brought very near, in spirit, but it was sweet and consoling to think of her as *now* having done with the weariness of the flesh, and gone to be with Jesus; yes, with that Saviour who, when on earth, declared, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the Kingdom of Heaven;" as I believe she was one of that happy number. My soul was bowed in humble thankfulness that my feeble prayers have been heard and answered, when pleading, if consistent with His perfect will, that strength and ability may be granted me to care for this dear afflicted one as long as He saw meet to lengthen her earthly pilgrimage.

9 mo. 1st.—Much enjoyed reading for some time to my dear brother, before retiring to rest; and it may be well here to record the frequent earnest desire which attends my mind, that *we*—the two last links of the family chain—may, through the remaining days of our pilgrimage on earth, know a closer union in Gospel fellowship, that so, being led forward hand-in-hand, we may each experience a deepening in those things which bring peace through faith in Christ Jesus, our once crucified but now risen Lord and Saviour.

9 mo. 27th.—“When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.” A rough stone has crossed my path this evening, which has wounded me in a very tender part. O! were it not that the sufficiency of His grace is made perfect in our weakness, how could *we* poor, frail mortals bear up against the many bitter trials incident to life? But, thanks to His ever blessed name, in the depth of our anguish there comes, as a defence against the overwhelming tide,—“My grace is sufficient!”

10 mo. 1st.—Monthly Meeting. A sweet time to me, whilst we were sitting together for the solemn purpose of “worshipping the Father, in spirit and in truth.” My soul seemed gathered as into “a garden enclosed,” where it was my privilege to hear the voice of my Beloved speaking comfortably unto me thus,—“I am with thee; yea, I will deliver thee, and thou canst glorify Me, as in the silence of all flesh, by a quiet submission to the overturning of My hand upon thee. Fear not; it is but for a little season, and then a mansion will be prepared for an everlasting habitation.” “The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the *patient waiting for Christ*.” ✓

10 mo. 6th.—What an inexpressible mercy it is to be enabled to rest in the assurance that the work of salvation “is finished,” through the all-atoning blood of the “Lamb of God;” not only a blotting out *past* transgressions, but as a Fountain ever open for the *daily* sins which the Christian deploras. Thus looking, simply, solely to Jesus—“the Author and finisher



of our faith,"—the very chief of sinners may give thanks to Him, and rejoice that, though ungodly and without strength, it was for such Christ died.

"Not all things else are half so dear  
As His delightful presence here;  
What must it be in Heaven?  
'Tis Heaven on earth to hear Him say,  
As now we journey, day by day,—  
'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
Thy sins are *all* forgiven.'"

1864, 4 mo. 17th.—A Sabbath day long to be had in remembrance, for truly it was a holy convocation of spirit, as in the presence of the Lord, wherein I was permitted to enjoy, for a little time, another hallowed season of close, familiar intercourse with the beloved of my soul. And when pleading—"What can I render for all Thy mercies?" the answer came, so forcibly,—*"Take the cup of salvation, full and free as it is offered, and call upon Me, for I have redeemed thee."* Oh! this cup of salvation was filled as to the very brim, so that I could indeed repose safely on His love and feel no fear.

10 mo. 6th.—*"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."* Once again raised from a bed of sickness, the most severe which has ever been my allotted portion, my soul is humbled before the Lord, in the acknowledgment that, whilst nature quailed under the pressure of agonizing suffering, the Almighty hand was felt to be

underneath, sustaining my mind in quiet, trustful confidence in His supporting mercy. The enemy seemed to be chained in the distance, and the command given,—"Touch not My redeemed, and do My servant no harm," that now, in the retrospect, my pen fails to describe the sense of pardoning love wherewith my soul was comforted. Inwardly, all was peace; and when I looked around, and received from one and another the kindly ministrations which conduced so much to my relief and comfort, they were to me like angels of mercy sent in the time of need, so that I can truly say I lacked nothing, as every want was anticipated with the tenderest thoughtfulness. So, having been thus borne safely over another very rugged path in my wilderness travel, and the span of my natural life lengthened a little longer, I am bound again to set up an Ebenezer, and say,—“hitherto the Lord hath helped,” and marvellously shown the power of His grace. Ah, yes!—The deeper the waters, the greater do His wonders appear; for “He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still; then are they glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.”

1865, 3 mo. 5th.—Many times during the past week, more particularly in the quiet hours of night, my spiritual communings have been so marked and consoling, that when sinking to slumber, with His praises on my lips, I have felt so encompassed by the presence

of my Saviour, that the thought has sweetly soothed me:—Should the thread of my life be severed before the morning light, it would only be to awake up in His likeness, and to be for ever with Him to whom I have committed my all. Oh, how do these precious foretastes of the joys of heaven tinge, as with a gleam of brightness, my pathway through this wilderness; it is so like “leaning on the arm of my Beloved,” and proving that He is indeed a sure and certain Guide to the “City of habitation,”—a “house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

“Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us—  
 With full and perfect love—His only Son;  
 Praise ye the Son, who died Himself, to save us;  
 Praise ye the Spirit!—Praise the Three in One!”

8 mo. 1st.—An exercising day. Several friends have called upon me; and these are the times when I feel with full force that “every heart knoweth its own bitterness;” as it is when surrounded by those I love, that nature is made most deeply sensible of my many deprivations, but, in the remembrance that my blessed Saviour “was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” and that He is still ready, and willing to listen to the cry for a renewal of His supporting grace, the prayer of my heart this evening is—that perfect, entire resignation may ever be the girdle of my loins, as then, my strength would be in sitting *still*, and quietly bearing the whole purpose of His will, which, however contrary to nature, must be right, and best for me.”



12 mo. 10th.—“Faith is the substance of things <sup>✓ F</sup> hoped for,—the evidence of things not seen. Here, under a canopy of light and love, alone with the Beloved of my soul, how have I feasted on the good things of the Kingdom? Truly my treasure is in Heaven; and there, I long that my thoughts may become more and more centred, in the bright and blessed hope that, whether my fragile bark be suddenly loosed from its moorings, or a lengthened period of the joyful anticipation of one day beholding my Saviour face to face be granted me, it will, eventually, be safely piloted into the haven of eternal rest and peace.

1866, 8 mo. 11th.—Rose this morning with a heavy heart; for truly, the last few days, it has been my lot to drink some of the dregs of the cup of bitterness. What, however—I am ready to exclaim—is all that falls to my portion, compared with *that* which my blessed Saviour suffered when He was a sojourner on earth? And yet, when “He was oppressed, when He was afflicted, He opened not His mouth.” Oh! that the remembrance of His patient endurance may <sup>JC sufferings</sup> stimulate the prayerful desire to become more conformed to His likeness; as then, hard things would be made easy, and a sufficient measure of grace would be granted to enable me to bear all, with quiet submission. “Behold, God is my salvation! I will trust, and not be afraid.” <sup>✓</sup>

8 mo. 12th.—To-day my soul feels sustained by the recollection of the following text,—“As a shepherd

seeketh out his flock, in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so *will I seek out My sheep, and will deliver them* out of all places where they have been scattered in the dark and cloudy day." What sweet encouragement, to be thus assured that the ever-watchful eye of our unslumbering Shepherd is constantly guarding the spiritual life of His followers, so that none of the passing conflicts—permitted, doubtless, for the trial of their faith—can ever move them from the sure and abiding Rock of safety; for He condescends to remember them still, and makes for them "a way of escape from the windy storm and tempest."

9 mo. 20th.—The prayer of my heart this day, is in the words of the Psalmist,—“Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in Thee do I trust. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto Thee.” Thou only knowest, O God of my life, the conflict I have had to pass through, and surely *that* should be enough for me. I thank Thee for the ability granted at this season to cast all my care upon Thee, as this seems to ease my heart, under a heavy burden. Oh, blessed Jesus!—there is no sympathy to be compared with Thine, as Thou canst look into the secret recesses of every stricken heart, and so just administer the antidote that is most needed. Teach me, I pray Thee, more continually to bring all my sorrows to *Thee*. O! enable me to welcome every cross which is the sanctified means of driving me to Thee for succour.

sanctified means of driving me to Thee for succour.  
 "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O God.  
 Lord, hear my voice; let Thine ears be attentive to  
 the voice of my supplication."

1867, 1 mo. 1st.—After having passed a distressingly suffering night, the New Year opened upon me under a feeling of serious thoughtfulness as to what may be impending; but the Lord has been far better to me than all my fears, so that now, at the close of the first day, this language seems applicable to my case,—“O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?” O, my God, out of the depths, my soul crieth unto Thee for ability to grasp the protecting shield more firmly, in every conflict, when the enemy would take advantage of the weakness of the flesh.

2 mo. 23rd.—Deeply humbled this morning, whilst tracing the directing providence of my God, in a matter of some perplexity. Truly, “He teacheth as never man taught;” saying, in effect,—“I will guide thee with mine eye;” and then, in merciful compassion, O how gently does He lead His tried ones onwards, in the footsteps of His own flock, towards the green pastures of life and salvation. “The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.”

“O, love of God,—our shield and stay  
 Through all the perils of our way;  
 Eternal love! in Thee we rest,  
 For ever safe,—forever blest.”

6 mo. 21st.—“Faithful is He who hath promised.”



Just safely conducted over another rough stone, in my pilgrimage towards a better country. With a heart glowing with gratitude, I feel bound to commemorate the loving-kindness of the Lord, in that it hath pleased Him again to reveal to my mental vision *more* of His excellent glory! When prostrated to a degree seldom before experienced, and feeling as though my spirit might be gently passing away to be for ever with Him, all anxiety, care, and fear were taken away. For a little season my joy was unutterable, as I never felt the presence of the Lord so sensibly; but, as I was clearly shown, the time was not yet come for the full realization. My soul was permitted to feast, in deep spiritual communion, on the unchangeable love of Christ, and the omnipotence of His power to do for me to the very uttermost, even beyond all that I could ask or think. The response was raised,—“My heart is fixed, oh God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.” Ah! such hallowed seasons are indeed passing sweet; and the savour remains with me to this hour. Blessed be His own adorable name for ever!

“Oh, what gifts shall yet be granted:  
 Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,  
 When the hope for which we panted  
 Bursts upon our gladdened sight,  
 And the Saviour,  
 Makes us glorious *through His might*.”

4 mo. 21st.—Enjoyed a little time in my garden, where, amongst some of the beauties of nature, my

heart was lifted up in grateful thanksgiving for these bounteous gifts, sent, as they seem to be, so especially for our enjoyment.

“As these fair flowers exhale their scent  
 In gladness at our feet,  
 So, from Thyself, let fragrance breathe  
 More heavenly, and more sweet;  
 Thus life within our lifeless heart,  
 Shall make its glad abode,  
 And we shall shine in beauteous light,  
 Filled with the light of God.”

8 mo. 12th.—For a long while past, many anxieties have been awakened in my heart on account of my only remaining brother, whose failing health often occasions me much serious thoughtfulness. This morning, during an inexpressibly precious season of near communion with Him whom it has been my blessed experience to prove my “Friend in adversity” so many times, the case of this dear relative has been solemnly laid before the Lord, with earnest, wrestling prayer that, as the outward man decays, the inward man may be “renewed day by day,” through the secret touches of pardoning grace, for this it is

“That makes the wounded spirit whole  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 ’Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.”

10 mo. 15th.—Bright and beautiful thoughts, and anticipations of heaven,—“the land of pure delight,” where saints and angels dwell in the presence of the Lamb—the contemplation of which is so tranquiliz-

ing, that all within me seems humbled and hushed into a holy quiet, whilst praise and adoration silently ascend to the God and Father of my life; for as the days fly rapidly by, and the things of time and sense are felt to be receding from my grasp, to be thus permitted to realize a being brought nearer and nearer to my reconciled Father, through the blood of Jesus,—this, *this is bliss indeed!*

1869, 3 mo. 20th.—As with every cross some blessing is intended—if we only ask in faith, power will doubtless be given to rise above our daily trials, and to look for, and expect the blessing. “Give thanks always in all things unto God, and the Father, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

10 mo. 17th.—To the praise of the Lord be it recorded, that having been most mercifully brought safely through the “whirlwind and the storm,”—wherein faith was often so low, that poor weak nature was ready to faint by the way—I can thankfully acknowledge now, through the boundless love of my God and Saviour, His “still, small voice” is mentally heard in the secret of my soul, whispering peace and consolation, as I am permitted, through His preserving power, once again to enter on the duties of life. Oh, the loving care of Jesus! How closely is my weary spirit enabled to cling to Him, as my Rock and my Refuge, through all the remaining entanglements of my wilderness travel; for truly at this hallowed season, I can adopt the language of the Apostle,—“Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom though now ye see



Him not, *yet believing*, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

The "whirlwind and the storm," above referred to, relates to a distressing accident, caused by her deafness. In the act of crossing the street, she was knocked down by a carriage and severely injured. For six weeks after, life hung on a very slender thread. The desire of her heart was, to be again raised up for the sake of her only remaining brother, now in feeble health. And very remarkably was her prayer answered, so far as to be able to get down stairs and take a share in ministering to his daily wants. The first time of getting out to Meeting again, was to attend his funeral. Two days after the last memorandum was written, we find the following record of J. G.'s sudden death:—

10 mo. 17th.—A day solemn and impressive, never to be forgotten. In abounding mercy, the spirit of my beloved and only remaining brother was so tranquilly released, that my soul rejoices in its having been thus gently gathered into the "rest that remaineth." Whilst in the flesh, his very feeble tabernacle was heavily afflicted. Naturally reserved upon religious subjects, much was not expressed relative to the state of his mind, but happily words are not necessary. The inexpressible calm that was permitted to prevail during the brief period, whilst the natural life was ebbing away, proved to me a precious confirmation,

and so impressively sealed the evidence of his undoubted safety, through the redeeming blood of Christ our risen Lord, that thanksgiving and praise is now the secret language of my soul, for the great mercy extended throughout.

10 mo. 23rd.—All alone in my deserted parlour, I feel indeed that a great change has passed over me the last few days ; but I trust under a humbling sense of the continued goodness of the Lord, I am permitted to feel kept and peaceful. The funeral of my late companion has this day taken place. To have had the satisfaction of following the dear remains to their last resting-place, is, I feel, another mercy to thank the Lord for. Great respect was manifested by a large number of our town's-people, which is gratifying on such a solemn occasion.

The last of her family, L. G. was now left alone for the remaining years of her life, deeply thankful for the home provided, and the many comforts by which she was surrounded. All who knew her can testify to the happiness of these closing years of a life marked by varied and peculiar trials and much suffering. She was still liable to severe attacks of illness ; but her faith never wavered, and her confidence remained unshaken through all the changes of time, that she should at length be borne safely over all the rough billows, until her frail bark reached its often longed for haven of rest. She attended Meeting as long as she was able, still prizing the privilege of joining with her

friends in public worship, but latterly did not get out much beside. The call from a Christian friend or relative was always warmly welcomed, and it was often felt instructive to mark the restful happiness she enjoyed in her lonely life. Thankfulness for her blessings was always uppermost, with the oft repeated assurance, that time did not pass heavily with her, she seemed in the enjoyment of unbroken communion with Him whom she so much loved.

A friend remarks :—"Here it was delightful to visit her, to receive her most kindly welcome, and sit down in her quiet room with its chaste adornment of lovely flowers, &c., a chair duly placed beside the table, and her hearing tube adjusted, so that her visitor might be able comfortably to use it in conversing with her. There was a cheerful hallowed atmosphere around her, and a loving interest for others that led her to enter warmly into subjects that interested them. Especially did she delight to listen to incidents connected with efforts for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Her heart warmed toward the labourers ; she liked to be informed of the varied aspects of their service—its lights and shades—sympathizing in the one, and rejoicing in every token of the Lord's presence and blessing that had been realized." It had not been her privilege to share in the active service, but in the fellowship of prayer she had helped and cheered on others, while her loving words of sympathy, and the maturity of grace manifested in her spirit and in her words, told how closely she was living in communion



with the Lord, and that hers were indeed the "effectual fervent prayers" that avail much. A few more extracts from the diary will end this little memoir.

12 mo. 25th.—"Return unto thy rest, O my son, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." The few receding days of this eventful year seem to be ebbing away under very solemn feelings. Truly my heart is greatly humbled whilst contemplating the loving-kindness of the Lord. O, how sweet it is to be enabled to commit all to the keeping of a faithful God and Saviour! there to rest in the assurance, that whilst circumstances are continually changing around us poor finite mortals, He is everlastingly the same. How often of late, before closing my eyes to slumber, has my soul been warmed under a sense of the Lord's continued goodness, as, whilst making some necessary arrangements for the future, everything has seemed to be working together for my comfort. In thus being so very mercifully watched over, the one desire of my heart is, that the evening of my natural life may now be spent in peace and quiet; trusting that the outpouring of the Holy Spirit may so mellow my feeble offerings, and help my infirmities, that the tribute of thanksgiving and praise may be more constantly sealed upon my lips.

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness,  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame  
But wholly lean on Jesu's Name!

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

1870, 1 mo. 1st.—Another year has now opened upon us. I feel indeed that the one just passed closed with very solemn emotions. Be Thou pleased, O Lord God of my life, to be very near me, and grant ability to Thy waiting servant, in deep abasedness of soul to approach Thy throne of grace, and there to ask Thy blessing on my little household, in the new position in which lengthened days has placed me. Let Thy merciful kindness, I pray Thee, overshadow us morning by morning and evening by evening, and do Thou be pleased to fulfil the counsel of Thy own will to every member, so that the "two or three," when gathered together for the purpose of celebrating Thy ever worthy Name on earth, may be refreshed and strengthened to perform faithfully their various duties and responsibilities, and that we may be enabled through Thy power to run with patience the race that is set before us, "*looking unto Jesus.*"

"Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!"

3 mo. 6th.—After a delightfully refreshing night's rest, I rose this morning feeling happy in the belief that the Lord is indeed caring for me, and above all, His own blessed spirit is so mercifully felt to be round about me for good, saying in effect, "The Lord thy

God in the midst of thee is mighty, He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy," that my very soul cleaveth to Him as in the dust ; for what so clearly teaches the nothingness of self as the mighty power of God rising above all, shewing that He is indeed walking in our midst, granting deliverance from the dominion of sin, covering our heads in "the day of battle," and thus giving peace which the world knows nothing of. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

10 mo. 11th.—O Lord, be pleased, I pray Thee, to hear and answer the heartfelt petitions of Thy feeble child, for

"I want to live as one who knows  
The fellowship of love ;  
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond  
The pearl-built gates above.  
As one who daily speaks to Thee,  
And hears Thy voice Divine,  
With depths of tenderness declare  
Beloved ! thou art mine."

1871, 7 mo. 9th.—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let all the people say Amen ! Praise ye the Lord." The preciousness of the love of Christ so fills my soul this morning, that all within me is bowed in humble acknowledgment of His unbounded mercy, in thus giving the earnest of His spirit. Surely such a day "in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand." The narrow heart becomes wide as the sand on the sea shore; and feels expanded and acted upon by a



fulness of love, which unites it entirely with its *Beloved*, *Jesus*, and His Church. What felicity can be greater than that of becoming a habitation of God through the Spirit? and oh, how wondrously does He work by His own power in the secret recesses of the soul, even when no instrumental help can be administered by the outward ear—truly I can testify to the goodness and the blessedness of the Lord of life and glory!

“Thou Lamb of God didst shed Thy blood,  
 Thou didst our load of misery bear!  
 And hast exalted us to share  
 The rank of Kings and Priests to God,  
 To Thee we render evermore,  
 The honour, glory, praise, that's due,  
 Might, power, and obedience too—  
 And in our hearts we Thee adore.  
 Amen! Amen! Oh Lord, Amen!”

10 mo. 19th.—Two years this day since my beloved brother was called away! How rapidly the time has passed, and how beautifully everything has been ordered for my comfort and enjoyment in that happy earthly home provided for the lonely one by my ever watchful Father in heaven, who, without any care on my own part, has so graciously regarded me in my very low estate. O Lord, I pray Thee, make me more deeply sensible of the aboundings of Thy love, seeing it has thus pleased Thee to look upon Thy needy child, that my temporal wants are abundantly supplied, far beyond what I could at one time have asked or thought. Yes! I feel indeed, most merciful God, Thy own blessed hand hath done it, thus gently leading

"beside the still waters," where my soul delights to trace the pointings of Thy Divine finger, directing my spiritual eyes more constantly towards Jesus as my ever present Friend in every time of need, and granting faith to believe that, come what will to try or to prove it, through His intercession all will be eternally well! as "of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

1872, 2 mo. 11th.—The language of my heart this evening is, "I have all and abound," because the Lord of life and glory is *felt* to be so very near, guarding and guiding me on every hand. Ah! "when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" The peaceful calm wherewith my panting soul has been comforted, and thus permitted to rest in "lively hope," has often of late been so unearthly, that it seems like a little foretaste of that state of perfect freedom from sin, when the spirit, free and unfettered, will sing in newness of life the everlasting praises of the Lamb that was slain," who alone has power to give the victory! "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."

"While we tread this vale of sorrow,  
 May we in Thy love abide;  
 Keep us ever, gracious Saviour!  
 Cleaving closely to Thy side.  
 Still relying  
 On the Father's changeless love."

5 mo. 19th.—The parting with many near and beloved earthly friends has made my heart rather sad to-day,—but why should it be so? Is not the Lord Jesus ever with me? proving Himself to be a refuge and a comforter in every emergency. Yes, truly, blessed be His ever excellent Name; He is more and more my stay, for it is in those hallowed seasons when most alone as to outward society,

“ I hear the words of love  
 I gaze upon the blood,  
 I see the mighty sacrifice,  
 And I have peace with God ! ”

1873, 9 mo. 22nd.—My 70th birthday! Truly, when passed away, a long life is but a span. “ As for man his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.” O Lord my God! in the name of Jesus “ my mouth would praise Thee with joyful lips,” in the remembrance of Thy sweet love during seasons of quiet thoughtful devotion, when my heart has been lifted up in silent prayer, under the deep sense of the continued need of Thy upholding hand to protect through surrounding danger. In humble prostration I ask Thee, still to be very near Thy erring child. O let the enriching influence of Thy grace descend “ as gentle showers upon the mown grass,” that so “ the good seed may take deeper root,”



by the fulfilment of Thy own gracious promise—"I will keep it night and day lest any hurt it." And now, O Father, knowing in whom I have believed, in the thankful acknowledgment of Thy safe guidance to the advanced age of "three score and ten years," I henceforth confidently commit the keeping of my soul to Thee, my faithful God! reposing in the blessed assurance that "the beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders."

"Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call,  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 'I am thy love, thy God, thy all!'  
 To *feel* Thy *power*, to *hear* Thy *voice*,  
 To *taste* Thy *love*, be all my choice!"

12 mo. 6th.—There are times when the continued noise in my head makes me feel very weary, and I am ready to exclaim,

"When may I come? O Lord, when may I go?  
 Nay, I must wait Thy will;  
 Give patience, Lord, and in Thine own best way  
 My hopes and prayers fulfil."

1874, 9 mo. 27th.—The poor body is frail and weak,—a time to watch and wait for what further manifestations of Himself my Lord may be pleased to reveal to a child firmly clinging for guidance and direction. Knowing then that all the goodness of God is treasured up in Christ, as His own words testify, "I have de-

clared unto them Thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them," my soul *rests* on covenant grace, for its daily supply of living bread to nourish up the immortal part with eternal life ; and very fervently does my prayer ascend at this hallowed season, "Lord, evermore give *us* this bread."

"Whate'er consists not with Thy love  
O teach me to resign !  
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss  
If Thou, O God, art mine !"

12 mo. 6th.—"Ye are the temples of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people ; wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." This beautiful portion of Scripture has this evening been most impressively and unexpectedly brought before me by the alone searcher of hearts, who, in the extension of His boundless love, has been pleased to grant such an earnest of the spirit, that a *peace*, such as the world can neither give nor take away, reigns triumphant in my soul, a foretaste truly of that perfect state when "absent from the body and present with the Lord," I shall see Him face to face,—*now*, I know in part, but *then* shall I know, even as also I am known."

12 mo. 27th.—Evening. The last Sabbath in the year, now fast waning away, has been a blessed time to be kept in remembrance—so happy, so peaceful, with my soul resting in “lively hope” that grace is given reverently to commit all that concerns me to the keeping of a faithful Creator.

“So as age comes stealing on  
Saviour still with me abide ;  
Be Thy grace the softest light  
Of the peaceful eventide.”

1875, 7 mo. 7th.—The time has at length arrived in my earthly pilgrimage when any extra mental strain tells on my shattered tabernacle ; but as no trial ever overtakes the stricken ones under our loving Father's care without His knowledge, He always provides an antidote for His trusting followers, though it may be administered by different means. In the present instance with myself it has been a withdrawal into His secret chamber, there to meditate in silence, as under the cleft of the Rock, on some of the workings of His own mighty hand. Here on my bed of sickness, my soul has been sweetly strengthened to look above to my great and good Shepherd, in the renewed belief that He will overrule all for our everlasting good, thus drawing His sheep, a *little* scattered for a *little* while, nearer and nearer unto Himself, even till the folding of His flock, when *every* one will be safely gathered in “to go no more out for ever.”

9 mo. 22nd.—My 72nd birthday! Outwardly it



has been dark and gloomy from continued rain, but now, as the evening steals over me, with my spirit sweetly calm and peaceful, the salutation of my beloved Lord has gone forth, "Come up higher, and I will show thee yet more of my excellent glory ;" so, with my feet firmly fixed upon the shining path which leads directly towards the gate of Heaven, all before me looks so bright and beautiful, *made ready* by His own loving hand, who left this word, "I go to prepare a place for you ; I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

"Lead me, O my Saviour lead me,  
Let Thine arms be round me still,  
Let Thy loving Spirit teach me  
Day by day, Thy perfect will.

Lead me when the happy sunshine  
Streams around my quiet way,  
Lest the frail heart, in its weakness,  
Clasp too close some earthly stay.

Jesus, Saviour ! lead, oh lead me,  
Let me lean upon Thy breast,  
Let Thy smile, Thy presence cheer me  
While I journey on to *Rest*."

1876, 1 mo. 1st.—How sweet are Thy words! Soon after midnight, as the new year was opening upon us, my mental ear was saluted with this blessed soul-sustaining message, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth on Me, though he were dead

yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

5 mo. 7th.—Drawn by the cords of everlasting love, my soul has been permitted throughout the day to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of my salvation, graciously led into His guest-chamber, there to know my life so bound up with Christ and my happiness so entirely in His keeping, as to realize the truth that "His presence makes my sunshine, His absence makes my gloom." Oh, when thus resting on the precious promise, "I, the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not, I *will* help thee;" what fellowship, what near communion, yes, what companionship the believing soul enjoys with her Beloved.

5 mo. 10th.—When this tabernacle of flesh is weak and powerless under the pressure of increasing infirmity, how strengthening it is to cast the eye upon such a blessed promise as this,—"The Lord, *He it is* that doth go before thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee;" or, when no words present to express the inmost craving of my spirit for a yet deeper knowledge of God, *He* thus compassionately regards the silent aspiration, and from His own rich treasury supplies every want of the soul, when resting helpless at His footstool. Jesus said, "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that *believeth* on Me hath everlasting life," and truly through the power of the Holy Ghost, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

" His love's a refuge ever nigh,  
 His watchfulness as mountains high ;  
 His Name's a rock, which winds above  
 Nor waves below, can ever move.

His faithfulness for ever sure,  
 For endless ages will endure,  
 His *perfect work* will ever prove  
 The depths of His unchanging love.

While all things change, He changes not,  
 Nor e'er forgets, though oft forgot ;  
 His love's unchangeably the same,  
 And as enduring as His name !"

5 mo. 28th.—The past week has been spent much alone in happy retirement. "Praise the Lord, oh my soul," for having been

" Called aside ;—

In hidden paths with Christ the Lord to tread,  
 Deeper to drink at the sweet Fountain-head,  
 Closer in fellowship with Him to roam,  
 Nearer perchance to feel thy Heavenly home.

Called aside ;—

Oh, knowledge deeper grows with Him alone,  
 In secret oft His deeper love is shown,  
 And learnt in many an hour of dark distress,  
 Some rare, sweet lesson of His tenderness.

Called aside ;—

Oh restful thought, —He doeth all things *well*,  
 Oh blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell,  
 So in the shadow of Thy Cross to hide,  
 We thank Thee Lord ! To have been called aside."



"My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

This is the last entry in the diary. L. G. continued in about her usual state of feeble health up to the 18th of 7 mo., when a very suffering attack of illness again prostrated her. After a few days had passed, and the symptoms had somewhat changed, she remarked to her attendant that she believed her journey was nearly run, but, "However it may be, I am on the Rock of Ages, and all will be well." The throat being much affected, articulation was very difficult, so that those about her could with difficulty understand anything she said, and refrained from distressing her by attempts at conversation. The evening of the 26th she quietly passed away, exchanging the very suffering earthly tenement for one of those mansions she had been so often assured was prepared for her, to dwell for ever with the Beloved of her soul.

"Shall I see my risen Saviour!  
Hear His voice, behold Him nigh?  
Touch that very Hand extended,  
On the Cross, on Calvary!

Oft my soul seemed nigh to meet Him,  
But death's shadow passed away;  
So she folds her wings awaiting  
Still the fair Sabbatic day,

When I never more shall wander,  
Never miss His blessed smile;

Peace, my heart, and trust Him fully  
For thy rest, *this little while !*

Though so bright, so blest, so bounteous,  
Doth my heavenly mansion shine,  
Something fairer, something dearer,  
There I look to claim as mine.

Oh, it is *Thyself*, Lord Jesus !  
Far the richest gift above,  
All the gifts art Thou sweet Giver,  
Who hast crowned me with Thy love.

I shall see the way He led me  
Through the flame and through the flood,  
And on many an unseen blessing,  
Read the record, ' Asked of God. ' ”\*

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\* Referred to in the diary, 7 mo. 18th, 1875.

















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